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THAT IS THE WAY.

BY S. U. P.

'Twas a tender little honeysuckle vine
That smiled and danced in the warm sunshine,
And spied a maid as fair as all maids be,
Who said, "Little honeysuckle, come up to me."
So it climbed and climbed in the sun and the shade,
And all summer long at her window stayed;
For that is the way that honeysuckles go,
And that is the way that true loves grow.

Then the loving little honeysuckle vine
Kissed the little maid in the warm sunshine;
But the winter came with an angry frown,
And the false little maid shut the window down;
And the sorrowing vine on the wintry side
Mourned and mourned for the love that died
And faded away in the wind and the snow,
And that is the way that true loves go.

The Helping Hand.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MYSTERY OF WILLARD," "THE WEIRD SISTERS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"I—I BEG your pardon," said a hesitating male voice.

The girl started, looked round, but saw no one.

"I'm on the wall," said the male voice in apologetic tones.

She cast her eyes up. The head and shoulders of a light-haired young man, clad in flannels, appeared almost directly over her.

The young man mounted a rung higher on the ladder and said: "I hope I haven't startled you? I was looking for something I had lost when I saw you. I spoke because I thought you might be frightened if you came on it unawares."

"What is it?" she asked with great dignity, stepping back a pace, and tilting her cream-colored umbrella further back over her dainty shoulder.

"Only my crocodile, Jacko."

"What!" she cried, gathering her dress together and glancing round the ground with apprehension.

"Indeed!" said the young man penitently, "you must not be alarmed. He's quite tame and very small, and he's almost blind. I bought him cheap—a damaged lot," he added, laughing, to reassure the girl.

She looked at him in silent indignation. She was not accustomed to being addressed by strange young men, and she was accustomed to being treated with respect and deference—the respect and deference due to her age, eighteen.

"I am not joking," said he; "I would not think of doing such a thing. I'm awfully sorry; and I should not have spoken at all—I should not have dared—only I was afraid you might come on Jacko unexpectedly and be alarmed."

She was mollified somewhat by the concern in the speaker's voice. "A crocodile!" she said, condescending to admit wonder into her voice.

"Yes," he said, bringing his chest above the wall by raising himself another rung on the ladder, this causing her to retreat another pace. "But you really mustn't be afraid. He's only a very small chap. He never goes for people, you know."

"I don't know," said she stiffly. She had not been in a good humor at all when taking her solitary walk through these strange grounds, and this affair annoyed her; and this young man—although he seemed really sorry, was very easy in his address, and should not use slang to her. He annoyed her too.

"Of course not," said he very humbly. "I mean he would not think of attacking people. I lost him at our side of the wall, and thought he might have got into Mr. Bathurst's grounds through a hole or drain—there is an unbarred drain higher up. I'm very sorry for frightening you—I am indeed; and, of course, I couldn't be so rude as to make a joke about such a thing. If you only knew how distressed I am, you'd—you'd believe me," he ended somewhat incoherently.

Miss Ellen Morton felt that here her dialogue with the unknown young man on the wall ought to end. She was in these grounds of Garwood House, on the Thames, twenty miles above London, for the first time in her life that day. She had no reason to believe that young men in flannels were desperadoes. Still propriety, with the strictest rules of which she was familiar, demanded that this dialogue should end.

But then a crocodile! No rule, of which she had ever even as much as heard, took into account the contingency of a crocodile at large. In historic times, anyway, a crocodile had never before entered into a situation of this kind on the banks of the Thames. It was easy for conventionality to say Go away. But whither? If she moved, she might be walking straight towards the odious reptile, or—worse still—might suddenly hear him running after her behind.

Plainly, it was impossible for her to move. She was not at all timid by nature. But before she came upon this adventure she had not been very happy. She stood still, glancing about her in shivering watchfulness.

"I don't know exactly what I ought to do," said the young man on the wall in accents of perplexity. "Mr. Bathurst forbids people landing on his grounds from the river or getting over his walls or fences. He is death on trespassers."

"Is he?" said she, feeling that it was a great pity this exclusiveness did not operate effectually against saurians.

"Oh, yes. He's awfully particular about keeping every one out. If I might only slip over and stand beside you, you'd be all right, you know."

It was hard for Ellen Morton, notwithstanding her eighteen years' experience in life, to deal with this speech. Here was a complete stranger talking in a reproachful tone of her host. This ought to be resented, although she had never met Mr. Bathurst yet. Then there was the impudent assumption on the part of this young man that if he were only by her side she should be "all right!" Still the speaker meant well. And then there was the dreadful thought of the lurking crocodile! She felt as though she must cry. Fancy her, Ellen Morton, crying like an ordinary silly girl! she who always held in scorn and contempt girls who cried for nothing! But, on the other hand, was a crocodile nothing? If she was sure this crocodile was nothing, she should not feel in the least inclined to cry. She should feel very indignant. Why had this young man spoken at all? Why had he not held his tongue, and allowed her to be torn asunder by the crocodile in peace?

"What—what am I to do?" she asked with a little quaver of pathos in her voice.

"Oh, pray, don't!" said he; and before she knew what was happening, he had swung himself over the top of the wall, dropped down, and was standing in front of her, and saying: "I am sorry I spoke at all. I distressed you without any need. There was no danger from Jacko, except the danger of giving you a fright, if you saw him unexpectedly. And here have I terrified you and nearly made you cry. I'd give all the world," he said desperately, "I had held my tongue."

"I am not going to cry, and I am not terrified," she said, her dignity giving way before his manifest sincerity, and under the relief afforded by his presence. She turned towards the house, a quarter of a mile distant, and began walking towards it.

"You see," said he, "I hadn't the least idea there was any one near when I got up the ladder. And, of course, I did not expect to find a lady here. Mrs. Bathurst is never about the grounds, and I don't remember any other lady at Garwood."

"I came only this morning."

"You are not a member of the family?"

"No. I am not a relative; but I am going to stay a while."

"Good gracious?" cried he with involuntary astonishment. "Going to stay at Garwood House for a while!"

"Yes. Why are you astonished?" she asked, widening the distance between them as they walked.

"Oh, nothing," he said in momentary confusion, and then floundered a moment, and then partly recovered himself. "I'm sure I beg your pardon: only, you know, you are so unlike Mr. Bathurst, I thought you could not be closely related. You must think me very rude to ask. I assure you I did not mean to frighten you, and I didn't mean to be rude; and it is horribly awkward about the crocodile."

She smiled. His compunction was disarming, engaging. He almost required protection from himself.

"You did not do or say anything so very dreadful. Of course, it is awkward to have the crocodile wandering about, and a pity you lost your—pet."

"Oh, that's no consequence at all," said he. "I wish he were at the bottom of the Red Sea."

"A crocodile," said she, with another smile, "is a fresh-water creature."

The young man said nothing; he merely made an impatient gesture, as if he were dismissing the reptile to still more unsuitable depths.

"And as to asking me if I were related to Mr. Bathurst, there was no harm in that, for I do not know him, have never seen him yet."

"What!" he cried, pulling up suddenly and staring at her in consternation. "You don't know him! You haven't seen him! Why, this is worse than anything! This is the worst of all!"

The girl looked at him with displeasure and suspicion. "What is the matter now?—I can see the house from this. Thank you for your escort so far. Will you not come in?" She moved her hand in formal invitation, but voice and manner conveyed his dismissal.

"To the house?" said he in amazement. "Oh no, thank you. I am dreadfully afraid you may not know much, may not know anything about Mr. Bathurst!"

This was really going too far. "I must thank you for your kindness and say good-day," said she frigidly, bowing.

"Oh, pray don't speak in that way. I wouldn't offend you for the world; but I fear you do not know much about Mr. Bathurst, and may tell him about—about me and Jacko——" He paused, unable to go on.

"Well?" she asked mercilessly, and conveying grave reproof for the bare notion of making a secret of this meeting.

"Oh! well, indeed, you mustn't tell anything about it to Mr. Bathurst, or, I think, to Mrs. Bathurst either. You may well look insulted and astonished; but I assure you I am speaking only to prevent a horrid mess. You don't know that Mr. Bathurst has a nickname in the City?—No. I felt you couldn't have heard. How could you? It's horribly unkind and beastly, but—but they call him the Crocodile."

"What! And your story of the escaped creature?"

"Oh, believe me, that is quite true. Indeed, indeed, every word I have told you is quite true. It was Mr. Bathurst's nickname made me think of buying Jacko, and Jacko really got out of his basket just before I saw you first. Mr. Bathurst does not at all like his nickname, and if you told him about me, it would be most unpleasant. I don't care what you may tell him about me, but, for goodness' sake, don't mention the crocodile. If you mention the crocodile, he may think—he may think—I don't know what he may think. But you can see it would be very awkward for you to say anything about a crocodile at your first meeting." The young man took off his cap. "I'll watch you safe into the house from this. Jacko must surely be at the other side of the wall. I shall write you to say I have recovered him, so that you may not be afraid to walk about the grounds—that is, if you will tell me to whom a letter for you should be addressed. You see, I can't write to Mr. Bathurst or his mother about Jacko; and I couldn't bear to think my carelessness was the means of keeping you in endless dread."

"My name is Morton," she said with dignity, and then, with grave politeness and a bow, "Good-day, and thank you."

"And my name is George Chayter."

He bent his bare head, and then raising it, watched the figure of the girl cross the lawn and enter Garwood House. Then, forgetting that he still held his cap in his hand, he plodded back to the boundary wall with eyes bent on the ground and in complete forgetfulness of the whole reptile creation.

A year back Nellie Morton had left school and gone to live with her gentle, sympathetic, childless, maternal aunt Sophie, wife of Colonel Pickering, in Deighton, a quiet garrison town of the south. This June morning her uncle had left her at Garwood House, bidding her final adieu.

She was the only child of the widower, Christopher Morton, civil engineer, now residing in Brazil. Mr. Bathurst was Morton's business man in London. When Colonel Pickering was ordered abroad, Mr. Bathurst's mother wrote to Brazil, offering the girl a home at Garwood House. Mr. Morton replied, thanking Mrs. Bathurst for her kindness to his motherless daughter, and saying he should be home for good in the autumn, as he had now made enough for himself and his girl. He had been far from well, but was then much better, almost as well as ever.

Nellie had never seen Mrs. Bathurst until this morning, and the interview had proved anything but reassuring to the young girl. Mrs. Bathurst was short and very stout, about seventy years of age, with dark, peering, inscrutable eyes, and a heavy portentous manner and delivery. She was not tall or thin or haggard enough for a witch. She looked a dark, unwieldy sorceress.

When bluff, outspoken Colonel Pickering had resigned Nellie into the hands of her new guardian and taken his leave, the old woman said, "Child, I cannot get about easily. As soon as you have seen your room and taken off your things, come back here. I wish to talk to you." The tone was not one of request or command; but of a person accustomed to speak and find the words carried into acts as inevitably and automatically as one's limbs obey one's will.

Nellie returned from her room subdued and awed by the gloom of this vast silent house, dark throughout, despite the white sunlight of June morning shining abroad on wood and river and field.

"Take a chair, Ellen," said Mrs. Bathurst as though Miss Morton was the new housemaid, for some unwelcome reason privileged to be seated in the presence of the mistress. "You will find this place dull. There are the grounds to walk in, and books in the library. I am practically an invalid, although I suffer from no ailment or pain. I never cross the threshold of this house. A young lady cannot walk on country roads alone; you will be obliged to make the most of the grounds, for we keep no horses. We entertain no company. We breakfast at half-past seven, lunch at two, and dine at half-past six. My son is the soul of punctuality. He never varies a minute—never half a minute. Go, explore the grounds between this and luncheon; a bell will ring a quarter of an hour before it is ready."

Nellie felt far from comfortable as she entered the dreary, hollow, resounding house after her interview with George Chaytor. That great desolate house had oppressed her like a portentous cloud. The meeting with Mrs. Bathurst had filled her with tremulous misgivings and vague chilling fears, never even suspected before in her clear, bright, open, happy life. For the first time she now had a secret—she was to say nothing about that incident at the boundary wall. It was a poor, paltry, mean, unhandsome secret, connected with the trivial circumstance of her meeting with the young man, and learning the lowering fact that her father's business man, whom she had never seen and under whose roof she now lived, was known by an uncomplimentary and damaging nickname.

She would have repelled with scorn the idea that there was anything romantic or even interesting in her encounter with young Chaytor. Such a thought could not have occurred to her, and no one was by to suggest it. She had been startled by hearing his voice from the wall. She had been alarmed at the notion that a hideous reptile might be within reach of her; and she had been disgusted at learning that Mr. Bathurst, whom her father and aunt and uncle always spoke of with respect as the custodian and wise investor of her father's fortune, should be treated with such want of feeling and courtesy as to be named after the most loathsome of reptiles.

Mrs. Bathurst and Garwood House had filled her with inexpressible fears. She deplored but could not help this. No doubt in time she should overcome these unpleasant feelings. One thing she could do, and that one thing she would do, namely, to yield Mrs. Bathurst constant and dutiful respect.

She remained in her room until the bell rang for luncheon. With what alarming shrillness the sound tore through the weird quiet of that lonely house! She wondered, did that clangorous bell peal through the corridors when the old woman was alone? or had it been set going to honor or terrify the guest? It made her shudder to think of rousing all the far-off sleeping echoes of this sombre house for two lonely women.

Luncheon was served in the large dining-room, on the left of the front entrance hall. Here, notwithstanding the brightness and warmth of the day, all was dim and damp. The heavy dark oak furniture, upholstered in deep purple leather, was moist and chilly to the touch. The air of the room was moist, not with the sweet moisture of leafy June, but with faint mouldly exhalation from the banquets of buried generations. The dark wainscoted walls seemed to stand back in sullen distance from the shrunken dining-table. The room looked out upon the front lawn, and the cloth was laid at the end farthest from the curtained windows. Bright as the summer day was, it seemed as though lamps would be indispensable—they would have been regarded with pleasure by any one not morbidly enamored of gloom.

Mrs. Bathurst was standing at the back of the room when Nellie entered. "Ha!" she said, moving across the floor with difficulty and apparent pain and great slowness, because of her unwieldy bulk. "You are punctual, child. That is right; we are very punctual in this house."

The meal was served, and the two women sat down. The parlor maid who attended the table was middle-aged, solid, stupid looking. For a long time no word was spoken. Nellie felt glad of this. She did not desire conversation. The desolate genius of this house had begun to work, and was filling with shadowy terrors this girl, who up to that time had lived her life unafraid.

Mrs. Bathurst ate little, and Nellie had no appetite at all. Mrs. Bathurst made no pretence of entertaining her visitor. She spoke such words as were necessary in the progress of the meal, and now and then bent her inscrutable eyes on her guest. She did not look at the girl as though she wished to see her. Those sorceress eyes never betrayed any thought or emotion. They were the outward organs of a spirit always occupied on itself within. They peered at the girl, but did not stare at her. They did not make Nellie uncomfortable and herself, as do eyes which stare; but they set her wondering in chilled awe what could this strange old woman be contemplating that made her look so weird.

No pleasant or cheerful thoughts were at the disposal of the girl. Her life up to that day had been one of peaceful happiness at school, and of delicious awakening amid sympathetic surroundings at Deighton, in the society of her soft-mannered, affectionate aunt, and the hearty, outspoken, chivalrous, kind-hearted Colonel. The twelve months spent with her aunt had been a time of complete happiness. No one moment had been marred by unpleasantness of any kind. She loved her gracious and affectionate aunt as she might her mother; if that mother had been spared; and her courteous, honest uncle as though he were the father far away in Brazil, who was no more to her than the beneficent figure of a dream.

This strange gloomy house and this strange mysterous woman had struck into Nellie's young heart the first chill she had ever experienced. She already had the feeling of being in a prison, and she found the air of the house thickening in her throat and suffocating her. She was alone now, in such a solitude as she had never conceived before. She was not to see the Pickerings again; she had stayed with them until the very last moment. If she were to obey her impulse, she would there and then flee from the house; but she was more helpless than a child. She had never yet acted for herself in any affair of consequence. With the disposition to fly, she felt flight was as impossible as though she were fettered with irons a thousand pounds in weight.

The girl was not of a nervous or fanciful nature. She was blithesome and light of heart. She had never known the luxury of a grievance. Her disposition was to look at the cheerful side of things. She had never been ill since the ailments of childhood. She could not believe her present condition of depression and apprehensiveness was the result of spending a few hours in this gloomy house with this silent self-absorbed old woman. The girl was beginning to think her health must be failing her.

At the end of luncheon the old woman pushed away her plate, and keeping her unfathomable eyes on Nellie, said, with startling unexpectedness, "What change has come over you since morning? You are not the same. Did you not find the grounds interesting? Have you lighted on no books to your liking in the library?"

The girl could not have been more astonished if one of the grim carved heads in the black oak chimney-piece had addressed her. She had been thinking that if she came into the room and sat down at the table with her hat on, Mrs. Bathurst would not notice anything unusual in her appearance; and that if she had fainted or fallen off her chair, Mrs. Bathurst would have contented herself with summoning a servant and giving orders that Miss Morton should be carried to her room and attended to. And here was her hostess showing herself, on this very short acquaintance, able to detect a slight alteration in manner or appearance.

"I think the grounds are beautiful," said Nellie, when she had recovered from her astonishment sufficiently to be able to speak.

"And you have not been to the library yet?"

"No; I reserved that pleasure for after luncheon."

"Ah! I hope you may find the library a pleasure. I don't think you took any benefit from the grounds to-day. I hope none of those audacious boating-parties landed and disturbed your walk?"

"No; I did not see any boating-party." This answer was given with extreme reluctance. It was of course truthful, but it was not the whole truth.

"You are keeping something back from me," said the old lady; "but you need not tell me. I am not interested. I do not ask you what. If I wanted to know, you would tell me, but I do not want to know."

CHAPTER II.

AT THE sentence, Nellie had to exert all her strength to prevent herself springing up from her chair. She felt the words like the sting of a lash. She—she, Nellie Morton had been as good as accused of lying! She! She who had never in all her life been accused of the most trivial moral offence, was as good as charged with subterfuge. She, the integrity of whose honor had never been questioned, was charged, or as good as charged, with the unforgivable baseness of want of candor!

But as the old woman uttered the other sentences, the flush of anger left the girl's heart; and when Mrs. Bathurst, in slow and impersonal accents, finished, Nellie felt as though she should sink through the floor with mingled shame and fear. She could not disclose the encounter with young Chaytor, for she could not explain the circumstance of that meeting without mentioning the unflattering nickname; and although it seemed unlikely Mr. Bathurst's mother, so old a woman and a recluse, should have heard of the nickname, that young man evidently thought she might.

Fortunately for Nellie, the old woman's words did not require a reply. The girl could not deny she was concealing something, and could not tell what it was.

Mrs. Bathurst seemed to know by occult means that her guest would make no response.

As Nellie was about to rise, the old woman leaned her elbow on the table and her chin on her palm, and with eyes staring into vacancy said, as though soliloquizing, "My son is much immersed in business, and is no lady's man. He is not likely to help you much towards enjoying your visit to Garwood. I predicted to him that you would find this place distasteful; but he said no. You were, he said, his friend's child, and you would be contented with this house as a home until your father's return from Brazil."

Were ever such words spoken by hostess to helpless guest? Nellie thought of rising and saying she would put an end to Mrs. Bathurst's uneasiness on her account by leaving at once. But there was something so impressive and sibylline in the manner of the old woman, that the girl could not do aught but sit and listen spellbound.

Mrs. Bathurst went on after a pause, "My son is forty-two years of age. He is not a marrying man. He will never marry. He has no small-talk. He is a great business man. He makes thousands were other men starve. His whole soul is in his business. He is not popular in the City. His appearance is not prepossessing. He is called the Crocodile."

The girl fell back on her chair.

Mrs. Bathurst went on, "He suffers from a strange nervous affection. For a long time, for days and weeks, he can preserve an unbroken calm while going through intense mental excitement. Then suddenly, and always close to mid-night, he is seized with paroxysms of uncontrollable laughter. Never do these paroxysms come on him until he has gone to his room or is about to go there; never until he has dismissed all thought of business and taken off his mind the great strain under which his affairs in the City now and then place him. All who live under this roof must know of these paroxysms. The secret of them must be kept. Hence we have no visitors. Hence no one is allowed to camp on our grounds. Hence the solitude of this house. My son has been going to the City every day for twenty-five years. He has never been ill. He has never taken a holiday. He is never a minute before or after time in anything. He has never set off earlier or later than eight o'clock. He is always in to the minute at six. He has never varied once for years. At five minutes past six this evening you will be introduced to him——"

A loud, long knock sounded at the front door and rolled in clattering echoes through the house.

With a start the old woman stopped and stared around in horror, as though the ground were splitting and gaping at her feet. She grasped the table in front of her as if drawn towards some awful abyss.

Nellie stood up, trembling, and looked round.

The old woman raised one hand, as if in appeal for mercy to some unseen power, and pressed a finger of the other hand on her lip for silence.

Nellie heard the front door slammed with a bang that made the doors and windows rattle. Then the whole house shook above their heads with a terrific shout of laughter twice repeated. The dining-room door flew open. The figure of a short, stout man burst into the room, flung the door to behind him, fell with his broad back against the door, opened an enormous mouth in his parchment-colored face, uttered a shout of laughter which made the glasses dance and seemed to threaten the very walls of the room.

Nellie's heart stood still, and with a swimming feeling of faintness, she fell back on her chair.

Although, when Nellie Morton fell on her chair, power of motion deserted her, she did not lose all consciousness. She leaned partly against the table, partly against the back of her chair. She was facing the door, against which the ungainly, monstrous figure of the man was propped. She did not hear or see distinctly. All was dull and blurred as in an indistinct dream.

"William! William! what has done this?" cried Mrs. Bathurst in a tone of surprise, reproach, alarm. She rose laboriously and half crossed the floor towards her son. Keeping her strange weird eyes fixed on him, she said impressively—

"We are not alone, William; Miss Morton has come."

She supported herself by putting her hand on the table, turned to the girl, saying—"Miss Morton, this is my son William—Mr. William Bathurst, who invests your father's money to such excellent advantage."

The girl's appearance attracted her attention. She cried in a tone of relief—

"William, she has fainted!"

Mrs. Bathurst would not summon help. She did not wish a servant to witness this scene. She could not render any aid herself, and until the paroxysm was over, her son would be worse than useless.

Her son took his back from the door, thrust his hands deep into his trouser-pocket, and bending his whole body double, laughed at the top of his terrific voice, until the glasses on the table rang again and trembled, and the windows shook, and the ceiling vibrated, and a long flake of white fell on the table, as though the plaster were coming down.

"What is the matter?" said the old woman more sternly. "Can you not speak, William? What has done this?"

He ceased to laugh and dance, and flung himself into a large easy-chair standing in the darkest part of the room, facing the light. He threw his head back, and gasped for air. His mouth was of enormous size, and seemed to open at the sides back to the angle of his distended jaws. The skin of his face hung thin and leathery and folded and creased in innumerable small wrinkles.

The perplexity in the face and manner of the mother showed she was wholly unprepared for an attack under existing circumstances. He had never before come home from the City in the middle of the day. He had never before suffered a seizure until close to midnight. Almost invariably the attack came on after retiring to his bedroom. It would have been impossible to drown his shouts or conceal the noise of his tramping. But the servants of that household were all in bed at ten of nights; and when a new servant was in the place and a paroxysm occurred, Mrs. Bathurst said next day that the master had had one of the seizures to which he had been liable all his life, that they were noisy, but not dangerous to himself or any one else, and that it was desired no one should speak of the matter either in the house or out of it.

But here now, on the day this girl arrives, was her son back hours before his time, taken with one of his worst fits in daylight and in the presence of the stranger too!

"Can you not speak? Can you say nothing to explain this extraordinary occurrence? Speak! You need not mind her; she cannot hear us."

The girl would have given all the world to escape from this scene, to show by gesture or tell by word that she was aware of what was going on around her. But she was powerless as the chair upon which she sat, as the painted figures in the pictures on the walls.

With a convulsive motion the man sat up, seized his knees in the long lean hands, which seemed all strenuous fingers, closed his mouth, clenched his teeth, drew back his thin fleshless lips, and rolled his eyes, as if trying to force speech from his laboring chest through his convulsed throat.

"What is it?" cried the old woman in impressive resolute tones. "No one can hear you but me. Speak to me."

Suddenly the teeth snapped open, and

from the throat came, in a whispered guttural voice, the words: "Ruin! I am ruined! I have lost!"

As though the last word released some prodigious spring, the man flew up out of the chair, bent his head, and laughed with such overwhelming vigor that the old woman started back, raised her hands and uttered a wail. When the lungs of the man were empty, he doubled up, glanced wildly right and left, spread out his arms level with his head, spun round on his heel for a moment, and with a groan, fell to the floor.

"My child! My son! My pride! Is this the end? Is he dead?" moaned the mother, crying out this once from the secret core of her woman's heart. No paroxysm before had begun so or so ended. Through all the years of her life, even to her own ears her own voice had never so sounded. Hitherto, that woman's voice had been the voice of human wisdom: now for the first time it was the voice of a mother's soul. The brain had spoken all along till now: at last the heart had speech.

With amazing swiftness and agility, she reached the prostrate form. He was lying on his face, his arms spread wide. With incredible dexterity and strength she gathered in his outstretched arms and turned him over on his back. Her deft fingers loosed his collar and eased it round his short thick neck. She slipped her hand under his waistcoat and felt over his heart; and then, in a tone of rapturous gratitude that was a prayer, she raised her eyes upwards and whispered: "Not dead!—not dead! He lives!"

She clasped her hands, and letting them hang down in front of her, sat back on her heels, regarding the dun face of the unconscious man as if it were a beatific vision. Then placing a hand on the floor at each side of the head, she bent slowly forward and kissed the forehead, whispering in the voice of one whose heart is heavy and rich with possession of a secure treasure: "My child."

She rose briskly, and pushed the thin strands of hair out of his eyes, and fetched a water-bottle from the table, and emptied it over the face and chest of the man.

With a shudder he opened his eyes. He looked around vaguely and passed a feeble, wavering hand over his face.

"Mother," he said at length, seeing her standing over him, "what is it?"

"You have had an attack," she said as she replaced the water-bottle on the table.

He scrambled to rise. With nimble strength she helped him, as though she were once again the young matron, and he the blundering, ungainly, sole occupant of the nursery. She assisted him to a chair. He sat facing the light, with his back to the drooping form of the girl.

"This was more than a paroxysm. How came I on the floor?"

"You fainted at the end of the attack."

"Did I blab?"

"You said," she whispered, "that there was ruin in the City."

He groaned.

"Yes. Half a dozen great houses are gone, and I am pulled down, down, down, mother. You will spurn me. I did not keep to your advice. I speculated. I did not keep in with solid things. I hoped to win a fortune in a year. South America has been the ruin of me, as you said it would be of fools who trusted it. I trusted it. All is gone. I am a beggar, and you will cast me off."

"Who cares about the City, since you live? A minute ago I thought you dead."

He took a napkin from the table and wiped his face. He stared at her in amazement. Did his ears hear aright? or was she bereft of reason?

"Drink this wine," she said, holding a glass towards him. He did as he was told, still keeping eyes of unspeakable wonder on her face. She went on as she took the empty glass from him: "When you were in the paroxysm, I told you Miss Morton had come."

"Oh ay," said he, passing his hand across his forehead; "I had forgotten she was to be here to-day. When I found out how things were in the City, I flew home. All the money, mother, all your money, and all the money it and your advice helped me to make, are swallowed up. Gone—gone—gone! and I shall be posted as a defaulter!"

"Hush!" said the old woman, laying her finger on her lip and pointing with her other hand at the girl. "We are not alone. She, too, fainted."

He started, turned round, and rose.

"She here all the time!" he whispered in dismay.

"Yes. Here unconscious all the time. We must see to her now," whispered the old woman. "You and I can talk over affairs later. All is not lost yet; all may still be saved."

"Nothing can save me!"

"Who knows?"

"What could save me?"

The old woman again placed a warning finger on her lip, and pointed at the figure of the girl.

"She!" cried he in a whisper.

His mother nodded, and whispered—

"She and Christopher Morton's money."

Mrs. Bathurst poured water into a finger-glass and sprinkled some over Nellie's face. The eyelids trembled slightly, closed for a moment, then opened again, and with a sigh the girl slipped from the support of the chair and slid to the table.

Mother and son bore the girl to a couch, dashed more water in her face, and chafed her hands. Once more the eyes opened, and a weak young voice said: "Such a dream! Horrid dream! Did I faint?—Thank you; I am better now."

"You fainted, dear," said the old woman in a tone so gentle and tender, that her son could not believe his ears, and made sure his wits were wandering. Never before had he heard that voice but in cold approval, admonition, or command. "Mr. Bathurst was seized with one of the attacks I told you of, and the sight overcame you. The paroxysm is quite over now; my son is as well as ever; and in a little time you will be all right."

"Have I been long unconscious?" asked the girl. "I had a bad horrid dream, and it seemed days and days long."

The old woman looked at the black marble clock on the mantel-piece. "It is only ten minutes since my son knocked at the door; but in dreams, a moment of real time may seem a day—a year. What did you dream of, dear?"

"Oh, it is too horrible to think of. Pray, do not ask," said the girl, to whom it began to seem that what she now took for a dream night be nothing but a distorted and exaggerated memory of what had really occurred. She sat up and rose feebly. "I—I think I will go to my room."

"Let me help you," said Mrs. Bathurst, moving to the side of the couch.

"Oh, thank you—no," said Nellie in distress; "you are not strong yourself."

"Not usually. Not at ordinary times; but to-day. Now I feel young and strong." She put her arm round the young girl's waist, drew the slender drooping figure towards her own portly bulk, and led the way out of the room.

William Bathurst for a moment glanced round him, as though expecting to find other marvels in keeping with this sight. Then he threw up his hands in despair of understanding what he had seen, and muttering, "What has wrought this miracle?" dropped into a chair.

Crushed and doubled up, the small man sat in the great chair. Ever since he had begun, as a lad of seventeen, to go to the City office in which the memory of his dead father had got him a clerkship, William Bathurst devoted himself heart and soul to business under the exacting guidance of his mother. He had always looked on her as the embodiment of worldly wisdom. She had been his guide through all these years. She had designed his future and nurtured his career. When he was old enough to start for himself, she had given him her money—he possessed none of his own—had mastered the business of the Stock Exchange more fully even than in her husband's days, as no woman had ever mastered it before, and while he acted upon her advice she had shown him the way to fortune. Of late he had strayed from her counsel, following great leaders in the world of finance, to the result of his present shipwreck.

But though he knew she had no thought of any living soul but himself, a word of tenderness had never passed between them in all these years. To his mind she was a woman whose whole soul was absorbed in gold-seeking; and as she could not engage in the quest herself, she had delegated to him the activities and the profits of the pursuit.

Within one hour, nay, ten minutes, she had made light of money, thrown off the physical inepitude or lethargy of years, employed affectionate tones towards him, and spoken to this strange young girl, whom she had never seen before, words of endearment!

Only one explanation was possible: the news that disaster had fallen upon him had overthrown her reason.

"William,"

With a start, he looked up. He had not noticed her entrance. He saw standing over him the calm inscrutable mother of old. "Yes, mother."

"You say all is gone?"

"Everything—every shilling. Black ruin is in the City to-day."

"Christopher Morton's money is safe?"

"Every penny."

"Then Christopher Morton's daughter must save you. Morton's money would be enough?"

"It would be enough to tide me over: but, mother"——

"William, you took my advice most of your lifetime, and you prospered. You took your own advice, and see what it has brought you. The very fates are playing into our hands. This morning, this girl comes to our door. She has no relative in Europe. This day, ruin faces you in the City. Poison and antidote. When I left you just now I knew this should be. I did not know how it was to be accomplished."

"But, mother, there are he and she."

The mother held out a paper to her son.

"I told you the fates were on our side. When I left this room I knew what must be, though I had no sure perception of how it was to be. You have full power to deal with Christopher Morton's property—have you not?"

"Yes, full power; but he is coming home in autumn."

"He has gone home already. This has been sent out after you by special messenger from the office. I took it from the messenger in the hall as I passed through just now. Read!"

He took the telegram from her hand.

"Great powers above! Christopher Morton dead! Oh, mother, I am sorry. This is worse than the crash to-day. The honestest gentleman that ever breathed! He came nearer to be a friend than any one else I know—than any one else I ever met."

"Than your mother?" she asked coldly, severely.

"No—no! Why such a question? You were and are my all, mother; you know you are my all."

"Listen," she said sternly, undeviatingly. "Return to the City, and bring Christopher Morton's money into instant use. Go at once, and arrange for your own extrication by that means."

"But, mother, they will call my using his money by the name of a crime."

"Who dares to inquire into the business relations between man and wife?"

"Man and wife! Do you mean that girl and me?"

"Go!"

"But mother——"

"Go!" she hissed. "Go and do what you can do, and I cannot. Go and realize; anticipate your wife's fortune. I cannot do that part of the work. Go you and do that; and when all is safe in town, come to me for your wife."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PIGEONS OF ST. MARK'S.—Nothing is more amusing than to watch, on a winter's day, the marvellous intelligence with which the pigeons of St. Mark's, in Venice, can discriminate between residents and visitors in the grand square of that city, the Piazza of St. Mark.

The moment a foreigner shows his face in the Piazza the pigeons set upon him in clouds, hoping to be fed.

They do not trouble the natives, who may be sunning themselves by the hundred in the square. More curious still, they do not trouble the ragged men and boys strolling about the Piazza with bags of grain, which they sell to visitors to feed the pigeons.

They, however, keep their eyes on these persons, and as soon as they see one of them approach a visitor they hasten to him in clouds, and surrounding the visitor add their supplications to that of the seller, as if saying—

"Yes, do buy the grain; buy it for us; do buy it."

COUNTY names in the New England and Middle Atlantic States are almost exclusively of English or Indian origin. In the border States of the South they are chiefly English; in the Gulf States English and Indian, with French in Louisiana, and traces of Spanish origin in Florida and Texas. In the Mississippi Valley they are again of English and Indian origin, with some French names coming down from the Jesuit explorers. In the Rocky Mountain States they are again English and Indian, with a larger proportion of the latter than elsewhere, and on the Pacific coast Spanish county names again crop out. Texas has a Deaf Smith county, about the only instance of a nickname having been fixed upon an important political division. A pretty fair history of the political and social influences at work in the early development of a State could be written from a study of county names.

Bric-a-Brac.

ST. DUNSTAN AND THE DEVIL.—One of the most famous smiths of the Weald was St. Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury. Mayfield, in Sussex, is the site of an ancient archiepiscopal palace, and here, according to some, took place the terrific encounter between St. Dunstan and the devil. At any rate the anvil, hammer and tongs which are alleged to have belonged to the saint are still preserved at Mayfield Palace.

PHONETIC.—Some correspondents are very brief, and do not waste words when they can possibly avoid it. The schoolmaster who received the note containing the home-made word "Cepatomtogoataturing" as an excuse for the non-attendance of one of his scholars, would think that his correspondent had a desire to economise as much as possible. It was meant to convey the intelligence that the boy was "kept at home to go a-taturing."

STREET RULERS.—So exact is the control exercised by Japanese authorities over the whole people that every street has its magistrate, who is expected to settle disputes, to know the most minute details of the private and public affairs of every creature within his jurisdiction, as reported to him by spies, and to keep an accurate record of births, marriages, and deaths. He is responsible for the good conduct of the street generally, and is elected by the popular voice of the inhabitants of the street; he is assisted in his duties by small companies of the principal householders, who also patrol at night.

"TAKE THE CAKE."—Concerning this expression, which has been much discussed of late, the following, from "Scenery and Antiquities of Ireland" describing a dance in front of a shebeen, is an interesting illustration: "A churn-dish stuck into the earth supported on its flat end a cake, which was to become the prize of the best dancer. The contention was carried on for a long time with extraordinary spirit; at length the competitors yielded their claims to a young man, the son of a rich farmer in the neighborhood, who, taking the cake, placed it gallantly in the lap of a pretty girl, to whom I understood he was about to be married."

TREASURE TROVE.—A curious story of treasure trove comes from Rome. "The Order of Benedictine Monks, while digging the foundation of their new monastery, on the Aventine Hill, which is to be dedicated to St. Stanislaus, found what they took to be an earthen pot full of common coins, which the monks hawked about, selling them for a franc apiece. This fact would have passed unnoticed but the brethren quarreled over their booty and the police interfering captured over 40 of the pieces out of the original 400 coins, which turned out to be gold medals of great value. Everybody connected with the find has been arrested except one workman, who managed to escape with 60 medals of the date of the second century and struck by the Senate and people of Rome in honor of the conquest of Armenia by Lucius Verus."

SCARING BIRDS WITH BELLS.—Some of the farmers of the Eifel, the district that lies between the frontier of Belgium and the Rhine, adopt a novel plan for scaring the birds from the wheat. A number of poles are set up in the corn fields, and a wire is conducted from one to another, just like the telegraph posts that are placed along our railways. From the top of each pole there hangs a bell, which is connected with the wire. Now, in the valley a brook runs along, with a current strong enough to turn a small water wheel to which the wire is fastened. As the wheel goes round it jerks the wire, and so the bells in the different fields are set tinkling. The bells thus mysteriously rung frighten the birds from the grain, and even excite the wonder of men and women until they discover the secret. This simple contrivance is found to serve its purpose very well.

WRITERS.—The worst class of authors, from the printer's point of view, are those who alter and add and transpose until a proof is a rivulet of type meandering through a meadow of apparently chaotic inky cobwebs. Carlyle, it is well known, was a terror to compositors. The late Rev. J. G. Wood was another. When he sent back his sheets to the press, little bits of paper were gummed along the edges, each containing two or three lines of writing. Burke was a third, for he returned his proofs in such a condition that sometimes the whole had to be set afresh. But Balzac was the terror of all terrors. With him it was not a question of resetting once; he would send fifty lines in manuscript, and, receiving proof after proof, would alter and add until he had evolved a story. His corrections probably cost more than those of any dozen, or even twenty, of his contemporaries.

BEAR BRAVELY.

BY J. S.

Be still, and heart;
Put on thy mask amid the crowded street,
And let thy smile felicitous and sweet,
With feigned calm those curious faces greet.
Who careth for the smart?

Be strong, my heart;
Though wondrous sad, then sweet the world a smile,
To see it happy should thy grief beguile;
Loves, hopes, and joys surround thee all the while
Wherein thou bearest a part.

Be brave, my heart;
Each season's weeping hath its silent song;
To night alone the silver stars belong,
And right grows ever mightier than the wrong
In deed and not.

Be patient, heart;
Blessings come sweet to those who ne'er were blest,
And brief the days, a little span at best,
Till rayless, deep, irrevocable rest
Eternal peace impart.

THE HAPPY END.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

D'EYNECOURT and his captain stared in silent wonder, but Deletia came forward without a sign of shyness.

"I am Deletia Ormesby," she said, in her low, clear, unchildish tones. "I beg your pardon for coming in while you are at breakfast, but I want so much to speak to Mr. D'Eynecourt, and I could not wait."

"By Jove, the very child we were talking of!" said D'Eynecourt, in a wondering aside to his friend, as he rose hastily from his chair and advanced to meet her. "Pray come in," he said, holding out his hand, and regarding her with curious interest. "Won't you have some fruit? There are grapes and peaches on the table."

Deletia put her hand into his for a moment, then withdrew it. She shook her head at the offer of fruit, and would not take the chair he drew forward for her, but leaned her small hand on its back as if to steady herself.

"Are you the heir?" she asked, looking up into his face with grave earnestness.

"Why, yes, I believe so!" The young fellow was a little startled by the question.

"Oh, then, please, will you speak to Sir Adrian for me? Or perhaps you can do it, and we need not go to him at all. I've come about the heriot."

"The heriot?" D'Eynecourt was as puzzled as Deletia herself had been a little while before.

"Yes, the best beast, you know. The lord of the manor—Sir Adrian—may take the best animal we have—it is the law! We haven't any good animals at all, only Lochnar, and I've come to beg Sir Adrian not to take him for the heriot, but to have the pig instead."

"What in thunder——" Barrington seemed only restrained from mirth by his bewilderment and Deletia's little black frock. "What is it all about, Sniffins?"

"Oh, I believe I see!" D'Eynecourt's tone was as relieved as if he had had an inspiration over an examination problem. "There must be a heriot on the Ormesby estate which we hold, and she's come about that."

"A how much? What is it, in the name of common sense?"

"A heriot—a curious old feudal right. In crusading times the lord of the manor used to supply his tenants with war-horses, and, when the tenant died, the lord went down and reclaimed the horse. The thing stands yet in law, and, when the lord of the manor has a heriot over land and the owner dies, the lord can still descend upon the property and claim the best animal he finds."

"But what injustice! Can that stand in the nineteenth century? It seems absurd—monstrous!"

"The law has never been repealed oddly enough, so it still holds. I remember hearing of a case near here, where one estate had six heriots on it; and, when the owner died, every horse was carried off from the stables; and they even began on the cows! So my uncle has a heriot on the Grange"—he turned to Deletia, and spoke very gently and kindly, "and you don't want him to take it—is that it?"

"Oh, no; he must have it—it is his! But will he take the pig, please, and not Lochnar?"

"And what is 'Lochnar?'" With a novel feeling of pity and friendliness, D'Eynecourt looked down into the dark sorrowful eyes raised to his.

"Lochnar was mamma's horse. No one else ever rode him, and nobody has ever ridden him since she died. Only last night papa was telling me, and he made me promise that he should never go to strangers, but that I should have him shot instead. He would have done it himself, if he had known what was to happen."

Her voice faltered, and she pressed her hand to her throat. Both the men looked appalled; they thought she was going to cry. But she recovered herself, and went on in the same calm heart-broken way.

"Lochnar is worth much more than the pig, I know; but, if Sir Adrian would take the fowls too, perhaps it would make up."

"Good heaven!" D'Eynecourt strode to the window and turned his back. He seemed to be contemplating the flower-beds outside for a minute, but in reality he was clearing his throat. He came to Deletia's side, and took one of the small cold hands in his warm strong clasp.

"My dear Miss Ormesby," he said, "the heir hasn't much power—it is Sir Adrian who has—but this time I shall do it on my own responsibility, and risk the consequences! You shall keep your horse; there sha'n't be a hair of him touched—heriot or no heriot!"

Deletia looked up into the kind face, and her heart went out to him with perfect trust and affection.

"Oh, thank you!" she said, with a depth of gratitude which showed how profound her relief was. "Thank you so very much! Then I'll tell Richards to bring the pig over, and the fowls."

"Not on any account!" D'Eynecourt spoke with some haste. "Pray understand, I give up all claim to the heriot."

"But it is Sir Adrian's, and you can't!" Deletia looked at him with grave reproof. "And, besides, I would not have it; it would not be right!"

"Well, only the pig then, not the fowls," said D'Eynecourt.

"The pig, then, if you think it's enough. I hope it is! Thank you for saying 'Yes.'"

"And suppose Mr. D'Eynecourt hadn't said 'Yes!'" broke in Barrington, who had been watching the scene with profound interest. "Suppose he hadn't given up his right to Lochnar, and you had had to let him go?"

Deletia's eyes grew dark and resolute, and she drew up her tiny figure to its full height.

"He should not have him!" she said, in a voice that was almost too low to be heard.

"Should not have had him?" Captain Barrington looked somewhat surprised. "Why, what would you have done? Driven him into the woods?"

"I should have shot him."

"Good gracious!" said Captain Barrington, astonished.

"Yes—I would have shot him myself. There are loaded pistols in papa's room; I would have put one to his ear—my poor, poor, darling Lochnar! Papa said they killed things so."

"But you would have been afraid," remarked Captain Barrington.

"Oh, yes, I should been afraid, and I should have felt as if I would die too; but I should have had to do it, you know, however hard it was! I promised papa."

Neither of the men found a word to say; they only sat and gazed at her as if she were a being from another world.

"Good-bye!" she said, holding out her little hand. "I must go now. Thank you ever so much!"

At the touch of her slim fingers Captain Barrington's self-possession returned to him.

"Good-bye!" he said, holding her fast. "Now I hope you're going to give us each a kiss for the way we've acted. We deserve it, I'm sure—don't we?"

The color flamed up to Deletia's pale cheeks, and she drew away her hand with dignity.

"I will not kiss you," she said, in her simple grave way. "I never kissed any one in all my life but papa, and I would rather not a man I never saw before. But the heir——" She hesitated for a moment, then raised her eyes to his and went on bravely, "Yes, you have been good to me and I thank you. I will kiss you, if you like."

With a strange reverence, more like that of a knight of old receiving his mistress' guerdon than a mere modern artillery subaltern's reception of a little girl's kiss, D'Eynecourt stooped and brought his face on a level with hers. Still blushing, but very grave, Deletia bent forward and pressed her lips to his forehead.

"My usual hard luck!" cried the irrepressible Barrington. "Skiffins first favorite with the ladies of course. All the same, Miss Deletia, that wasn't fair; I shouldn't call that much of a kiss. He'll have to owe you one till the next time you meet—won't you, D'Eynecourt?"

"Hold your tongue!" was all that young man replied, as he opened the window for Deletia to go out.

Yet, as they crossed the terrace together towards the wood-path, and Barrington was well out of ear-shot in the rear, he bent down, with a sudden impulse, over the little childish figure at his side.

"Miss Ormesby," he said, "that was quite true; it was a very one-sided kiss you gave me just now. I'll keep it till we meet again, till you are grown up, and then—then may I give it back to you? Will you promise? You keep your promises, you know."

"Oh, yes"—Deletia looked up at him, shy for the first time—"I'll promise!"

"And you'll wait for me till I come for you? Promise that too."

"Yes, I promise."

And, after one last clasp of the girl's hand, he saw the little black-frocked figure pass through the gate and vanish among the overhanging branches.

CHAPTER IV.

THE Bournemouth winter season was just beginning. People who were the lucky owners of pretty houses, embowered in pine trees and surrounded by quaint wattle fences like strawberry-baskets, were coming down in shoals to that most picturesque of southern resorts, and hotels and lodging-houses were filling with a rapidity which boded well for the proprietors.

One of the villas, nestling in a sheltered hollow of the East Cliff, was lighted up from basement to gabled roof on this chilly November night. A stream of rosy light from the red lantern over the arched timber porch poured down the little drive, with its close rows of tall shrubs on either side, and flecked the glossy leaves with a weird crimson stain.

Inside there was evident preparations for festivity. The square hall, with its red tiles, had a bank of pot-plants with gorgeous blossoms on each side; and servants were putting the last touches to the lighted Chinese lanterns that hung from the paneled roof.

The long, somewhat narrow drawing-room that opened on one side of the hall had its brown plush curtains carefully drawn across the wide windows, as if to shut out even a thought of the cheerless night without; rose-shaded lights shone softly; a bright wood fire blazed on the open hearth. There were tall blue dragon jars in the corners, and a few choice pictures and draperies on the primrose-tinted walls, while the open piano and pile of music suggested the evening's entertainment as decidedly as did the violin in the hands of a fair woman in a soft gown of white Indian silk.

"Deletia!"

There was a movement of the brown plush curtains over the nearest window, and a girl appeared between their folds, as she looked from between them into the room.

The years that had passed had changed Deletia Ormesby so vastly that one would have had to look again and yet again before recognising the little pale old-fashioned child in the beautiful girl of nineteen. Her soft brown hair was twisted in smooth thick coils about her small head, and the simple frock of embroidered white muslin, with a white sash, was relieved by the knot of gold Japanese chrysanthemums at her breast.

"Deletia! Oh, there you are, you dreadful girl!" Mrs. Armstrong tried to speak reprovingly, but failed completely. "What on earth are you doing close to those draughty windows all in the dark?"

"I was listening to the song of the sea." Deletia came out into the middle of the room to her friend's side. "You've no idea what a sad sobbing wail it has when you just catch it faintly here. Just come and hear it, Gladys."

"Good gracious! Not on any account!" Pretty Mrs. Armstrong shivered theatrically. "I don't want to get a fit of the blues just when people are about to arrive, and burst into tears by way of welcoming my first guests. What a girl you are, Deletia! I never saw any one like you!"

"A unique specimen, in fact," said Deletia, laughingly throwing her arm about the plump waist, and turning the fair head round till their eyes met. "Confess you think me nice, in spite of it all, Gladys!"

Mrs. Armstrong regarded her with mock severity.

"No, I don't care about you a bit," she said. "How can I, when you behave so badly? Fancy talking of going out into the world to earn your living, when you know that as long as Harold and I have a home we want you to share it!"

"But, Gladys darling"—Deletia's tone was coaxing enough to move a stone—"we've talked that over so often. You know well enough that, deeply as I appreciate your husband's goodness and yours, and love you for it, I can't let you support me all my days. I can't eat the bread of charity—even when it is dainty thin bread-and-butter like yours."

"Charity? Absurd! I offered you the post of companion, together with a salary."

"Yes; but I am as perfectly aware as you that you hadn't the slightest need of a companion."

"Pray how do I manage when Harold is out shooting?"

"Ride to the meet with him; or drive out with the luncheon and carry home the game-bag. You don't need a companion to help you do that."

"Deletia, you are hopeless!" But she joined, against her will, in Miss Ormesby's infectious laugh. "I always looked forward, from the time we first were at the school together, to getting married and having you come and live with me," said Mrs. Armstrong. "It was my favorite dream."

"And haven't I lived with you for the past six months? And haven't you given me all my prettiest gowns, and treated me like your sister, you dear, dear Gladys?"

"Yes; and now, by way of returning it, you want to leave me!"

"Oh, dear, it isn't that!" Deletia pressed her soft cheek to the flushed one near it. "You know it isn't because I don't care for you, but because I must!"

"Must? Oh, that was always your pet word—that and 'ought!' You always seem to think it's the close of an argument."

"And so it is." Deletia's lips were smiling, but her eyes were grave and earnest. "But, come, I hear wheels in the drive. Don't think about what we have said, or you'll stumble over that difficult passage in our duo; and I do want you to do credit to yourself and the new violin."

And Mrs. Armstrong went forward to meet the arriving guests.

Deletia hardly saw her again that evening; they were both so occupied with the crowd of guests. They played their duo together—an arrangement of Grieg's for the piano and violin—during which Deletia's attention was so attracted by the conduct of a quaint old lady on the other side of the room that she was in danger once or twice of not keeping proper time.

This elderly personage was tall and commanding, garbed in a silk gown of brilliant grass-green and of antique make. It was tight where frocks are usually loose, and loose where they are tight. The general effect was so funny that Deletia's eyes strayed from the score to this unique costume with a sort of irresistible fascination. A huge cap crowned her grizzled locks, which were drawn back from her face with a sort of defiant wrench and screwed into a knot high at the back of her neck. A magnificent set of diamonds and rubies ornamented this wonderful garb; and, as the old lady nodded her head to any friend she chanced to discover in the distance, the purple bows on the crown of her cap waved solemnly to and fro.

Presently, her share in the music being over, Deletia found herself near this remarkable personage, who was leaning stiffly back against the wall, with her eyes fixed upon vacancy.

"Mrs. Armstrong has just given us a treat, has she not?" Deletia asked, as the eyes turned slowly and rested upon herself with a prolonged glare. "Doesn't she play the violin beautifully?"

"No!" responded the old lady, with an abruptness suggesting a pistol-shot.

Deletia looked somewhat amazed; but was equal to the occasion.

"You don't care for the violin, perhaps?" she answered mildly.

"Distinctly I don't—much less when it's played by a young woman. Revolting spectacle, I call it!"

"But didn't you think that sonata of Grieg's very pretty?"

"Grieg, did you call it? Sounded to me like a cat chasing a mouse in a garret. Humph, if that's the modern idea of music, I thank Heaven I was born before

it came in! Give me 'Bonny Dundee,' or 'The Flowers o' the Forest!' There's melody for you! None of your scrambling with both hands after the tail-end of a tune that slips through your fingers!"

"Oh," said Deletia, highly diverted, "I know very well what you mean! You mustn't think, though, that, because I like modern music, I don't care for the old. There's something in the old melodies that seems to come straight from the heart."

"And something in the new that comes straight from an attack of indigestion!" sniffed the old lady in the grass-green gown.

Deletia laughed aloud. She thought she had never met such a funny old person before, and would have liked to go on talking to her but that she saw Gladys beckoning to her.

She came upon the gorgeous cap and ribbons later on however, when about eighty people were struggling with profound politeness to insert themselves into a supper-room which would hold thirty at the most; and, in the crowd which ebbed and flowed round the champagne-cup and mayonnaise, she and the old lady drifted together again.

"Rather a crush, isn't it?" Deletia said, as she found herself in close proximity to the green gown. "I'm afraid it is hopeless to try for a chair."

But for answer the old lady merely looked at her and inquired—

"Can you speak Italian?"

"Oh, yes, a little!" Deletia answered.

"Do you understand anything about killing and mounting butterflies?"

"I'm afraid I don't."

Deletia had a vague impression that she was holding converse with a lunatic. The next moment an opening in the crowd gave her an opportunity of leaving the old lady.

All the rest of the evening was taken up with performances on the zither by a young musical genius whom Mrs. Armstrong had captured somewhere and was trying to introduce to society.

It was not still everybody had left that Deletia had a chance of a word with Gladys. She was standing by the low fireplace in her own pretty room—as bright as furniture, shining brass, and white enamelled wood could make it—when there came a tap at her door.

"Come in!" she cried, starting from the reverie in which she had been staring at the glowing coals, and turning to smile at the pretty hostess as she entered, still in her evening frock.

"Undressing already, Del?"

Mrs. Armstrong sank down upon the little chintz-covered sofa that was drawn close to the warm glow of the fire.

"I haven't had time to take my gown off. Harold kept me in the smoking-room such an age. So I sha'n't stop to brush my hair as usual, but get off to bed presently, as soon as I've said my say. I'm very tired."

"I dare say you are," said Deletia, sinking down into the little low Boston rocker and looking sympathetically at Mrs. Armstrong as she reclined among the cushions; "but it went off capitally and was a tremendous success. Let that be your consolation, Gladys."

Mrs. Armstrong did not heed the observation.

"Well, my dear," she continued—"my most ungrateful, disagreeable, delightful Del, what do you think I've been doing for you this blessed night? Settling your future—no less! I've an offer for you, my dear."

"An offer?"

"Oh, not a matrimonial one—not like Mr. Crosby's! I wish it had been, and that I could have answered it as I should like, and have made you behave better than you did to that poor fellow. How I should love to see you well married? Do you never mean to be kind to any of these poor men?"

"I hope I'm not unkind."

"Well, I don't know what else you'd call it, when you say 'No' to them all. Do you never intend to marry?"

"I don't suppose I do, unless I find the precise person."

"You've some ridiculous impossible ideal which never could exist outside your fancy."

"Not at all. Certainly I have a standard of what a man ought to be; and, when I measure the average man by that, I find him distinctly wanting." A sudden far-away look came into Deletia's face.

"Well, as you won't marry, and you won't stay with me, and you will be a disagreeable horrid person, I've been doing what you'd like me to do. Did you see Mrs. McNab to-night—the old lady with the rainbow hues and the lovely jewels?"

"The symphony in green and purple? Oh, yes; nobody could fail to see her, I should think!"

"What did you think of her? Did she speak to you?"

"Well, I thought her a little mad, if you want to know. Yes, she spoke—moderately. She told me Grieg's music was like a cat chasing a mouse in a garret, and then she asked me if I spoke Italian, and whether I understood the art of mounting butterflies. That was the sum-total of our conversation. Is she really insane?"

"Oh, dear, no; quite the reverse—only a little eccentric! She's really the kindest old thing in the world; immensely rich, and very clever—scientific, in fact. She's devoted to natural history collections."

"Ah, that accounts for the butterflies?"

"Yes, she's taken up with winged things at present. I'll tell you who her relations are. You remember Eva Rackstraw, that tall dashing-looking girl who was at my wedding?"

"Oh, yes, very well!"

"Well, she's Mrs. McNab's niece. The Rackstraws made their money in iron and are very rich. Old Rackstraw married, for position a woman of good family, but very poor. Her sister is this Mrs. McNab, who, I fancy, made a marriage of somewhat the same order as far as birth goes; but she was sincerely fond of her raw-boned Scotch husband. She was an old friend of my mother's; and Eva Rackstraw and I have always been more or less thrown together in consequence—though I can't say I ever cared much for her style."

"And so she's my old lady's niece? But what about my offer? You're wandering from the point."

"Excuse me, nothing of the sort; I'm only working round to it. Mrs. McNab was talking to me this evening about her plans. She wants to go abroad for a couple of years to collect crawling things from different continental countries, and means to begin with Italy."

"A splendid field for research, I should say!"

"Don't be flippant. You don't know what a solemn matter it really is, or you'd never jest about it."

"Really? You alarm me."

"Well, she told me she didn't know a word of any language but her own, and that all her relations and friends insisted she should have somebody with her, if she would range over the Continent corking things up in glass bottles; and she said she was looking out for a young lady companion. And so, against all my inclinations and principles, and purely and solely for your ungrateful sake, I told her you were looking out for something of the sort——"

"You did? Oh, Gladys, you dear thing!"

"There—don't smother me!" Mrs. Armstrong released herself from the ardent embrace of the white figure that knelt at her side, radiant with delight. "If you don't look as pleased as if I had told you you had come into a fortune! And all at the thought of leaving Harold and me! You're just too bad!"

"There's no reasoning with you!" said Deletia, catching and kissing her pretty friend, despite her mock resistance. "You know it's nothing of the kind; but it is so nice to be going to earn one's own living!"

And so it was all arranged, with a suddenness that was almost bewildering. Mrs. McNab was leaving for Naples in a couple of days, and Deletia had barely time to pack her boxes and see to her frocks before they started. Her first interview with her new employer was characteristic.

"Oh, how d'y' do?" said Mrs. McNab, who wore a bonnet to which the cap she had worn on the night of the entertainment was a mere mild suggestion. "Miss Grimsby, I think?"

"Ormesby," corrected Deletia politely.

"Oh, it's pretty much the same; and, by your leave, I'll call you 'Grimsby!' I used to know a seaside place of that name on the Lincolnshire coast; there was a unique variety of the common sand-flea to be found there. I shall never be able to remember your real name; it's so like. I hope you've no objection?"

"Not the least!" Deletia looked commendably grave.

"Mrs. Armstrong tells me you and she were together at the Officers' Daughters' School. Did you ever meet my niece, Eva Rackstraw? She used to visit Gladys Armstrong's mother."

"I saw her at the wedding, I think."

"Ah, very likely! Her family wanted me to take her abroad with me; but I wouldn't hear of it; so they've all gone to Malta for the winter instead. Eva Rackstraw among my butterflies, indeed! No, no! They're all alike, the Rackstraws; think of nothing but money and fashion, and haven't a soul among them big enough for science! Well, then, you'll go with me, Miss Grimsby?"

And Deletia went.

CHAPTER V.

THAT was one of the most peaceful and contented winters of Deletia's life. She and Mrs. McNab wandered about Southern Italy for a time and then settled down in a pension near Naples, to collect the butterflies which began to appear in the early spring and to arrange Mrs. McNab's already extensive collections.

Deletia was growing really fond of the old lady, who, under all her eccentricity, had a really kindly soul. It certainly was a sight to see her on an entomological expedition, her large feet shod in tennis shoes for better hold on rocky ground, her scant skirts of some startling hue kilted high and pulled back to allow free action in pursuit, a hugh rush hat adorned with a blue gauze veil on her gray head, and a butterfly-net grasped in her gauntleted hands.

Their pension was a pretty villa out on the Posillipo Way, half buried in its gardens of ilex and orange trees, which sloped down to the blue waters of the bay; while Vesuvius' mysterious purple cone, crowned with its shifting cloud of white smoke, lay solemn and silent to the distant left of the picture.

Deletia's life in Naples was a very indolent one. Her duties were absurdly easy and light, and, unless she were butterfly-chasing with Mrs. McNab or sight-seeing in the neighborhood, she was free to do as she liked with her day, from the ten o'clock breakfast, with its many courses, to the late afternoon drive along the Chiaja or out towards the legend-haunted regions of Potsuoli.

So much idle time could not but engender dreaming, above all under that sunny sky, and in that land of song and story; and Deletia found her dreams all dwelling with a persistence for which it was in vain to chide herself, upon the one sweet memory that had gone with her through all her school-girl musings. There had been but one romance in all her young life, the romance of one brief half-hour, when she, the little pale child in her shabby frock, had stood a suppliant before the handsome young soldier, and he had knelt before her to take her blushing kiss. How true it was what she had said to Gladys—that she had one standard to measure all mankind by, and that most men seemed to her to fall short of it! When she read history at school, all the heroes were called "Alured" to her imagination; and, when any deed of high courage or of noble chivalry enchanted her, she would say within herself, "This Mr. D'Eyncourt might have done."

Since that long-ago day she had never heard his name—did not know what had become of him. The distant cousin who had succeeded to the Grange's poor inheritance had exerted himself to get votes for her election to the Officers' Daughters' School, and then had washed his hands of any further knowledge or responsibility. It was only six months ago that she had left school-books behind her and gone to pay Gladys Armstrong that long-extended visit they had always planned.

Deletia's knowledge of the outer world was still of the slightest. That her hero was a soldier, she knew; but she did not even know to what branch of the service he belonged, and an Army List was an unknown factor in her experience. She could only trust with a blind confidence to destiny to bring them once more together.

Out of some such day-dream she was abruptly aroused, one lovely May morning, by Mrs. McNab, who, attired in a snuff-colored flannel dressing-gown, burst out upon the little terrace outside their sitting-room and hailed Deletia as she leaned her languid arms upon the warm stone wall and watched the darting lizards.

"Here's a pretty to-do!" Mrs. McNab's expressions were all her own. "Here's a letter from my niece Eva to tell me she's coming to pay me a visit on her way back to England. Why she couldn't have gone home by sea like the others goodness alone knows! She must needs go tearing over the Continent. It seems she's gone and got engaged in Malta and is bringing the man over here with her—rather a queer arrangement, I call it, I must say. Well, well, there's nothing to do but put up with it, as she's my poor sister's only child. But, if that flighty miss thinks she and her young officers are going to wander at their ease among my butterflies, they're strangely mistaken—that's all I can say! It's only a fortnight Eva means to stay, thank Heaven! She can't do any particular mischief in that time, I should say."

"Whom is Miss Rackstraw going to marry?" Deletia had the feminine fondness for a wedding and all its detail."

"That she doesn't trouble to tell me! It seems a grand marriage, or they wouldn't all be so pleased. Never a Rackstraw yet that didn't think of money first and love a long way after!"—and Mrs. McNab sniffed contemptuously.

"When will she be here?" There was a certain element of excitement in the prospect, in spite of Rackstraw mercenariness.

"To-morrow morning, by all accounts. No—this, I do believe! She wrote just as they were starting from Malta by the P. and O. to Brindisi and she ought to be here as soon as her letter could cross to Sicily. I suppose these people can give us another room or two—not that the young man shall come here, I can tell him. He may go to an hotel, if he likes, and make the best of that. I shall tell Madame Ricordi she's not to let him have so much as a bed under the roof where I am!"

And Mrs. McNab hurried off to issue her commands.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ARTIFICIAL MAPLE SUGAR.—Decoctions or extracts of the wood or bark of trees are frequently used for flavoring syrups of sugars. Different extracts differ in taste. The hickory tree, it is said, yields an extract that will impart the flavor of the maple, and Daily's method of producing artificial maple syrup or sugar is as follows: Make an extract of hickory bark or wood by allowing water to percolate through the same. The bark or wood may be ground, or sawdust therefrom used. Hot water may be used, or the material boiled in water. The strength of the extract may be increased by increase of the quantity of the wood or bark. To one gallon of hot or boiling sugar syrup add, say, three tablespoonfuls of the hickory extract. It is said the effect of the extract is to produce a flavor that renders the syrup indistinguishable from genuine maple sugar. If the syrup is boiled down, a sugar resembling maple sugar in taste is produced.

TOO GREEN.—Friends of ex-Alderman Patrick Farley, of New York, have been laughing for a week over his experience with shamrocks on St. Patrick's Day in his saloon at the Bowery and Grand street. It seems that the ex-Alderman received a box of fresh, green shamrocks from the old country, and, wishing to treat his friends who were going out on parade that day, he arranged the bits of green nicely on a plate and put them on the bar, with instructions to his bartender to give them away to customers as they came in. A few minutes later a big German came in for his morning beer, and, seeing what he supposed was a dish of water-cresses, he proceeded to help himself. Nobody noticed him until the ex-Alderman turned to give a sprig of the shamrock to a friend. The plate was bare. Only a few bits of stems remained. Since then the ex-Alderman has not cared to talk about shamrocks.

THE SENSE OF TOUCH.—A curious scientist, who has been giving careful attention to the matter, says that man's sense of touch, or feeling, resides almost wholly in the skin and those parts of the body—as the lips and the tongue—that are most exposed, while some of our most important organs, the heart, for instance, and the brain, are quite insensible to touch, thus showing that not only are nerves, but also the special end organs, necessary for the sensation. The curious fact was noticed with the greatest astonishment by Harvey, who, while treating a patient for an abscess that caused a large cavity in his side, found that, when he put his fingers into this cavity, he could actually take hold of the heart without the patient being in the least aware of what he was doing. This so interested Harvey that he brought King Charles I. to the man's bedside that "he might himself behold and touch so extraordinary a thing."

LOCOMOTIVES OF THE WORLD.—One hundred and nine thousand locomotives are at present running on the earth. Europe has 63,000; America 40,000; Asia, 3,300; Australia, 2,000; and Africa, 700. In Europe, Great Britain and Ireland take premier position with 17,000 engines; Germany has 15,000; France, 11,000; Austria-Hungary, the second largest continental country, has 5,000; Italy, 4,000; Russia, 3,500; Belgium, 2,000; Holland and Spain, 1,000 each; Switzerland, 900; and the remaining European states, 2,600.

HEARTSEASE.

BY A. E. S.

Where should we seek for heartsease? We who fain
That precious thing would gain?
Dearer than love, since love may change or die;
Dearer than fame, that like a flask goes by;
The richest gift that, since the world began,
God gave to man.

Not in the fret and fever of the strife
Of busy, onward life;
Not in the passionate conflicts of the heart,
Not in the lovely cultured world of art;
Not in the cloistered students' living tomb
Will heartsease bloom.

But in the sober twilight's quiet time,
When, to the evening chime,
The tired pilgrim walks with patient feet,
Willing the tasks he yet can do to meet,
Content with all Heaven portions as his share
Seek heartsease there.

Loyalty's Tribute.

BY D. M. F.

ON coming down stairs one morning last autumn, I was agreeably surprised to see, amongst the letters lying on the breakfast table, one in the handwriting of my old schoolfellow, Bertha Williamson. We had been entered together as pupils in the same establishment, when very young; she to be fitted for a governess' situation; I, to learn all I could and would, regardless of expense.

My brother Tom and I had been left orphans when he was only twelve years old, and I four years younger. The fortune left us by our father was small; but then we had "expectations," and such too as were not lightly founded. Our bachelor-uncle John had taken us under his protection, and pledged himself to share his wealth between us. But being a country squire with rather old-fashioned notions, he had a horrible dread of showy schools, and would not send us further from home than a town about seven miles off. However, luckily for me, I was placed under the care of a thorough gentlewoman, and received advantages in the way of education which few fashionable schools could offer.

Uncle John was continually driving over to see me; my brother Tom came as often as he was permitted; my teacher was most loveable person, and altogether my schooldays proved a peaceful happy time on which I look back with true pleasure. We had usually about a dozen boarders; but during the last three years of my stay there were only two nearly of my own age. These were Bertha Williamson, who was two years, and Eliza Danby, only one month my senior.

Never did any two girls present a greater contrast both in mind and body than did my two schoolmates. Bertha was rather petite and plump, but delicately formed, and the very picture of buoyant happiness. She had a profusion of rich brown curls, large intelligent gray eyes, and most graceful—because thoroughly natural—manners. She was also singularly well informed; possessed exuberant spirits, and kept the whole house alive with her frank and innocent gaiety.

Eliza Danby was the very opposite of all this. Tall and sallow-looking, with plainly braided black hair, and a frightful amount of angles perched in her single person, her very appearance provoked a smile. Beside she had been under none but village teachers, and was terribly deficient in mere school learning.

"Old Danby," as everybody called her father, lived in the same village as my uncle John. By dint of singular economy he had scraped some property together; and a sudden bequest which came to him by the death of a relative he had never seen made him rich. But with the exception of sending his daughter to school, the old man made no change in his home; and Eliza's removal was the result of my uncle John's strenuous arguments, for old Danby had a great respect for "the squire."

We were all mistaken in thinking that the new girl would prove a good butt for school fun. To be sure, her paucity of words and suspicious disposition provoked our laughter; but her observant habits, and strong natural sense, kept her from committing any vulgarism, which might have been expected, considering her homely breeding.

I never for a moment supposed that this girl could excite my jealousy; but so it fell out; for she and Bertha Williamson, whose love I had considered my own especial property, became fast friends. No one wondered that Eliza loved Bertha; for who could help doing so?—but that the regard should be mutual seemed ridiculous! Our teacher used to say that if the two girls could be thoroughly incorporated body and mind, they would have gained by the mixture, since each possessed an overplus of what the other was deficient in. Bertha, frank to a fault, often misplaced her confidence. Eliza professed to believe everybody honest, but trusted no one. I always called them Sunshine and Cloud; because when out walking one day I overheard Bertha pointing out the brightness of the sky to her companion, when Eliza forthwith shook her head, and hinted at clouds in the background.

"A perfect key to those two characters," said my governess. "One ever looks at the bright, the other at the dark side."

In spite of my jealousy the strange friendship wrought good effects. Eliza, from constant intercourse with a creature so honest and confiding, lost something of her mistrust; and Bertha's too-exuberant spirits received a salutary check from the sedateness of her companion.

It was wonderful too to see how much the uncultivated village girl accomplished in her three years at school. She worked with untiring energy. Her will was an iron taskmaster to her body, and she got through more work than most do in twice the time.

But I did not love Eliza Danby—not I! Faithful to my first impressions, I liked better to see her confirm these than to give her credit for anything better. I saw what Bertha never could discover in her—a vein of intense selfishness, not always visible, it was too deep-seated for that, but present nevertheless ready for action.

"How absurd you are," Bertha would say, "to call Eliza selfish," and she would quote sundry acts of kindness that the girl had done both for herself and others.

"True," replied I, "but she never does a kindness unless in payment for one received. That is just another of her peculiarities and a most unamiable one. She cannot bear to remain under an obligation."

"Well, one does not always find people grateful enough to return a kindness," said Bertha.

"No more does she return the spirit of one," I replied, "because she always repays what she considers the debt in such a way, that it costs her no self-sacrifice, and she will watch for a chance with cat-like vigilance."

This speech of mine tickled Bertha's fancy immensely. She congratulated me on my deep insight into character, and laughed at my earnestness till I was first angry, and then fain to join in her always irresistible mirth. But what I said was true, and I hated that trait in Eliza Danby's character more than all beside. For is not the dislike to receive a token of good will from another the sign of a sordid mind? When the favor is frankly and heartily offered, why not accept it in a like spirit? It should leave no sense of debt if we feel in our hearts that we only take what, were the circumstances reversed, we would as freely give.

Even this, however, was not to my notion the worst annoyance that Eliza Danby had caused me. I had cherished one bit of romance, had indulged in one bit of castle-building, namely, that my brother Tom should marry my darling Bertha. His riches, for I knew he would be wealthy, and her poverty only made things more delightful, and where should I find a sister like her?

I had felt quite sure that all would end to my satisfaction until just after we left school, when I heard uncle John, half in jest, advise Tom to "look after" Miss Danby, as she would have at least twenty thousand pounds, perhaps double that if old Danby should live a few more years.

Tom laughed, glanced at his handsome face in the mirror, and said he was "owre young to marry yet," but would take a look at Miss Danby in a year or two.

I was ready to cry with vexation, and I very imprudently took Tom to task. I told him, rather spitefully I fear, all the tales I could recollect to the disadvantage of the poor heiress, and one I remember was to this effect:

We three elder girls were out walking on one occasion, accompanied by a little delicate child, our teacher's goddaughter, when we were overtaken by a violent shower. We were a mile from home, and had but a single umbrella—Bertha's, which was in Miss Danby's possession.

I fancy she had been eyeing the clouds, for she was excessively solicitous about a new cape which she had on. Heeding nothing but her dress, she opened the umbrella, and set off with it at full speed. Bertha, in terror for the child, snatched off her cloak, carefully wrapped the little one in it, and carried her home. An illness of several days followed this exposure of herself to the cold and wet; but the gratitude of the child's parents, and the attentions of her schoolfellows amply recompensed her. Oddly enough, no one praised her self-sacrifice so loudly as Eliza Danby did.

Tom heard this and sundry other tales with provoking coolness. "Well, Mary," said he, when I had finished, "all this palaver of yours confirms my opinion of Miss Danby exactly."

"And what was your opinion, Tom?" I asked eagerly enough.

"Why, that she is a sensible girl, who will keep the gear together," he replied. "Your friend, now, would ruin a man with long doctors' bills, incurred by saving other people's bairns. No, no, Mary, such a scatterbrained, romantic damsel would not suit me. Plain, sound sense for my money, lassie."

"Plain enough," I rejoined angrily; "but, Tom, you are not in earnest."

"Wait a year or two, and you will see," said he. "Besides, does the child think I cannot choose a wife for myself? It is playing with edged tools to meddle with my matrimonial views." And off sauntered Tom, whistling "I'm owre young to marry yet."

* * * * * *

During the year after we all left school many changes took place. Bertha went as governess into a distant part of the country, and my good Uncle John was laid in the village churchyard. He had left me a handsome fortune, and Tom and I were living together in the grange which had lately called my uncle master. Eliza Danby being our neighbor—and for the sake of old times, because she was dear Bertha's friend—we kept up a certain amount of intimacy.

Our dear old teacher too, sleeps the sleep which knows no waking. Many were the regrets that my little friend Bertha could not, on account of being engaged for a year, take her school. So another "Boarding and Day Establishment for Young Ladies" was opened by a stranger. But circumstances fortunately brought Bertha into our neighborhood again.

Just when her year's engagement terminated, a distant relative died and left her a legacy of fifty pounds. With this little capital she resolved to open a school, in order that she might reside with her widowed mother.

Our old teacher's residence was fortunately to let, the new comer having chosen a more showy dwelling, and in it Bertha had been established with very tolerable prospects of success for about six months when I received the letter, named at the beginning of my story.

My little friend had written it in a flutter of excitement to tell me—what indeed I knew already—that the Queen was to pass through the town on the following Thursday, and that, as there would be great rejoicings on the occasion, she hoped I would share the holiday with her by coming the evening before and arranging to stay a week at least. She also said that she had penned a similar invitation to Miss Danby, and slyly added "her presence might perhaps induce my brother to favor us with his company for the great day. But you, my dearest Mary," she added, "must not fail me, for I know the time is fast approaching when you will have little chance of joining me on such-like gala days."

Bertha was right. My marriage was drawing near, and in a few short weeks I should exchange my peaceful country home amid Nature's fair handiwork for a dwelling in crowded London, with new sights, sounds, and faces around me. This made me the more anxious to accept Bertha's invitation, and I gladly replied that I would be with her at the appointed time.

I then communicated my intention to Tom, and informed him of his share of the invitation, asking also whether he would accept it?

"Most certainly," was his answer. "And as you have given me warning, and I must needs look out for a new housekeeper, I may perhaps find an opportunity to offer the situation to Miss Danby, with the trifling proviso that the engagement is to be a permanency, and that she is to take my ancient name in lieu of her present one. I hate these changes; they upset one's domestic comfort so."

Then Tom began to whistle as usual and turned his back; but I saw him dash his hand across his eyes and mine were overflowing. There were but two of us orphans, and we loved each other dearly.

"Dear Tom," said I, when I could speak, "if I thought you would be happy! But I fear Eliza will not be the girl to make you so."

The incorrigible youth began to tease again. "You forget how much bliss those money-bags will buy, Mary," said he, laughing. "Besides you know there cannot be twenty thousand pounds' difference between Miss Danby and the friend you extol so highly," but he added, seeing my tears, "I will promise not to propose to the heiress on Thursday." So with a smile and a kiss he left me.

What a cordial chat we had round the fire the night we arrived at Bertha's residence, which had so long been the home of both in our school-days! Mrs. Williamson also amused us a little at Bertha's expense. It seemed that she had been asked, a few days before, to contribute towards the fund for decorating that part of the town through which Her Majesty would pass.

It happened that, having paid sundry housekeeping bills, Bertha's purse was nearly exhausted, though she was sure of replenishing it in a day or two. Being, therefore, obliged to refuse a contribution, she was annoyed at sundry insinuations cast out by collectors, who rallied her on her want of loyalty.

"And it was provoking," said Bertha. "A few hours afterwards I received a supply of cash, so went to offer my mite to a member of the committee, who told me very stiffly that they had already more money than they knew what to do with. However, I do not mind; I dare say I shall have an opportunity of proving my loyalty before this time to-morrow night."

"It will be morning soon," interposed Mrs. Williamson; "so please remember that you have a week's gossip to look forward to, and that it is high time to adjourn for the present." This hint of course sent us all off to bed.

The morrow proved as fine, "as though it had been bespoke," said the little servant.

It is needless to describe the wonderful arches that were built and the subsequent dearth of evergreens for miles around, or the cheering crowds who hailed their sovereign's approach. Thank Heaven! these exhibitions of loyalty are common in the land. We saw all, and enjoyed the scene, as only simply-natured country folk can do. But evening approached, and we began to twit Bertha, insisting that she had hitherto done nothing to redeem her character for loyalty.

"It is not yet too late," she smilingly replied, and then proposed that we should go to the railway station to witness the departure of the thousands whom the Queen's presence had attracted to the usually quiet country town. The crowd and the hum of voices charmed our eyes and ears; for we were all simple folk, not ashamed to enjoy ourselves, or to show that we did so.

A little girl of six years old, Bertha's only resident pupil, accompanied us. The child complained of being tired, so her teacher placed her on a seat and stood by her side, while the rest of us strolled up and down the platform. Our little companion's attention was soon attracted by an infant which lay on the lap of a woman close by her side. First she touched its tiny cheek, and then, emboldened by the mother's smile, bent over to kiss its forehead.

Bertha looked keenly in the woman's face, and certainly, when the one wan smile had passed away, it presented a striking contrast to the joyous countenances around. The expression was so utterly weary and careworn.

I saw that my little friend was anxious to know how it was that the poor wayfarer found herself in a scene of excitement, while evidently so unfit to enjoy it, when the woman timidly inquired whether there would be another train from a town forty miles distant that night.

"There will be one to it in a couple of hours," replied Bertha; "but the last one from here arrived some time since."

The woman thanked her, and the wan face was bowed over the baby; but we could see the tears falling on its little forehead.

"Excuse my interfering," said Bertha, gently; "but you seem to be a stranger. Can I serve you? Did you expect some one?"

"I hoped my husband would come, miss; but it seems there is no train to-night." Just then, the child awoke with a wailing cry, and the woman added, "Poor little thing; she has not been properly washed or undressed these three nights."

"Have you been traveling so long?" asked Bertha.

Little by little, the woman's story was told. Her husband, a mechanic, had been working in London, and for a time successfully. It was the old tale; first employment had failed, then health; and, this last restored, he had gone back to his native place, leaving his wife behind till he could send money for her to join him. It came at last. Their furniture paid their little debts, and she started, with her three-weeks-old baby, for her country home. Unfortunately, her expenses had exceeded her means, and she found herself that morning forty miles from home, and with but threepence in her pocket. Twopence was spent in a letter to her husband; the remainder purchased a roll, her only subsistence during the long day. There she had sat, hour after hour, hoping and longing for a glimpse of the familiar face; and now, what was to become of her?

Poor thing! Many a blush testified how little she was accustomed to tell such a tale. Bertha, at its conclusion, bade her stay where she was, then darted to her mother's side, gave her a sketch of what had passed, and proposed some plan, which met with a cheerful acquiescence. Returning to the woman, she took the infant from her arms, gave her luggage—it was but a bundle—into a porter's charge and told its owner to follow her. The woman hesitated, as if fearing to leave the spot lest some one should come to claim her while absent; but Bertha soon proved the improbability of such an event, and marched off with her weary charge.

The rest of the party soon followed, and on our arrival we found Mrs. Williamson just arraying the infant in clean little garments, that had once clothed her own daughter, and that had been stored up with the almost religious veneration with which mothers often regard even the playthings of a beloved child.

The little long frock was somewhat smaller in circumference than the voluminous petticoats worn even by babies nowadays; but it effected a wondrous improvement in the appearance of the helpless thing on whom it was bestowed. Well washed, warmed, and fed, it soon slept peacefully, and the mother was equally cared for. When tea was prepared the weary stranger was brought to the table, and wholesome dainties pressed upon her, till fairly overcome with thankfulness, she wept like a child.

Bertha left the room with her as soon as tea was over, and half an hour later I found she was on her way to join her husband, my little friend having paid her expenses, provided her with refreshments, and herself carried the infant till she placed it on its mother's knee in the carriage.

I was witness to a curious little scene in the meantime, which confirmed my opinion of Eliza Danby's character. On missing Bertha I went quietly upstairs to seek her. In the room where we had laid our cloaks and bonnets stood Eliza with an open purse in her hand, and evidently in deep thought. She remained still for a moment, then closed the purse firmly and replaced it in her drawer just as I entered. I understood it. She had been debating whether she should bestow some of her cherished money on the stranger, and had decided that there was no obligation to help where she had received nothing.

Bertha looked very happy, but more subdued than usual on her return from this errand of mercy; and saucy Tom, who had duly accompanied us in all the sight-seeing, began to twit her again on the score of loyalty.

"I should like to know how you mean to evince your devotion to your sovereign lady, Miss Williamson," said he. "I have been watching the whole day for some extraordinary display on your part, but have seen none."

My friend's face brightened as she quietly replied, "I was afraid no opportunity would present itself, but I did meet with one at last."

"What a sphynx you are," said Tom, "always dealing in mysteries! Most sage instructress of youth, enlighten us, I pray you. Did you deliver an address on the sly; for long-winded speeches, and all in the same tone, are deemed great marks of loyalty, I believe, in this nineteenth century?"

"Indeed, not I," said Bertha, laughing.

"Then, do tell me what it was," said Tom. "I am dying to receive a lesson in loyalty from such a dear little——;" here Tom colored, stuck fast, then finished with "from such an accomplished teacher as I doubt not you are."

Bertha did not notice the hesitation, but answered quietly, "I scarcely think I ought to tell you; for perhaps you will only call my notion an absurd one. However, I don't much mind being laughed at. When I said I would try to prove my loyalty, I thought it would be strange if, amongst all the great assembly of to-day, I could find no person in need of such help as I could give; for I resolved to spend what would have been my mite towards the decorations in making one of the Queen's poor subjects happy. But every face looked so glad that for many hours I sought in vain. At last I found what I wished, but I have done more than I hoped; for I reckoned on making, by God's blessing, one glad heart, that of the poor mother, who will soon place her baby in its father's arms, and I really believe, after all, that I am the greatest gainer, and even happier still than she is."

Bertha said this so simply that every word helped to show what a kind, great heart beat within the little person, and I wondered if Tom would read it as I did. But he never could help bantering Bertha, so he began, "And yet you, most selfish young lady, kept all the pleasure to yourself, and smuggled away the carpenter's wife and her blessed baby, without considering that I might have chosen to join in the expense of passing her on to her parish."

"Well, it was selfish, I must own," replied Bertha thoughtfully, "but indeed it never struck me before. Then you have so many opportunities in your position, and I have very few. Do not grudge me this."

"But are you willing to repair this fault if I show you how?" said Tom.

"Certainly," she replied, "most gladly; what can I do?" (We three were in the room by ourselves.)

"By saying you will be my wife and shed sunshine round my home," said Tom in an earnest voice, while his handsome face, now beaming with honest admiration, was turned towards my bewildered little friend. "Do, dear Bertha, listen," he continued; "I am not jesting now: and, darling, you have known me from a boy; say you will add my sister and self to the number you have made happy to-day."

"You cannot mean it," said Bertha; "you are so rich, and I——"

"You also," he interrupted, "in all that is, or ought to be a woman's best wealth. Mary, help me to persuade your friend."

"Nay, Tom," said I, "plead for yourself while I keep off intruders," and so I left them.

What arguments were used who shall say; but Tom did not plead in vain; for that night Bertha told me amidst a mixture of smiles, tears, and blushes, "that she had thought herself the happiest woman in the world before Tom asked her to be his wife; but she had since found her happiness was capable of a vast increase."

I rated Master Tom for tantalizing me about the heiress; but I cannot tell how sincerely I rejoiced that the day which saw me a bride gave my beloved brother one also, worthy of his affection, and my own cherished friend.

OLD CLOTHES ABROAD.

The fact that I had been a journeyman tailor—writes a London knight of the scissors, a coat hand in a large West-end firm—while my wife was a practical dressmaker, was, no doubt, greatly to my advantage when I first took to wardrobe dealing. Not that specially good work is absolutely necessary, but any alterations must be done in a neat and stylish manner—and expeditiously—if it is to be made pay. Many a stout man's coat—usually a most unsaleable article—have I altered to "average" size, and in turning faded skirts, and touching up ladies' attire generally, my wife is not to be excelled.

In working up a business of this kind the great difficulty is to "make both ends meet;" that is, to get rid of the stuff as fast as it comes in. Any man can buy; it is selling the goods afterwards which requires ability.

I divide my purchases into three classes. The best I keep for my own establishment, the second class is passed over, "on sale or return," to two or three small shopkeepers in a workingmen's district, and the poorest lots and odds and ends are sold in bundles to people, both men and women, who resell them from barrows in several of the "street markets."

For my own part I would much rather be without the common goods, but we are compelled to buy them, otherwise we should not get the better class. For instance, a lady's-maid may desire to dispose of the "clearance" of her mistress' wardrobe, and at the same time she herself, as well as the other servants, may make up a bundle of their own "left off."

I know that if I refuse to buy theirs I shall not get the other, so, making a virtue of necessity, I buy both. I may mention that the price given would be just the same if the servant's bundle was left out; but of course they don't think so.

In the same way I have to buy all manner of things besides clothes, and my stock now includes traveling cases, dressing bags, trunks, firearms, field-glasses, china ornaments, fancy lamps, time-pieces, busts, etc.; in fact, articles so various and numerous as to lay the foundation of a good curiosity shop.

Above all things I like to be sent for by the relatives of a gentleman recently deceased. They are generally so eager to get rid of everything belonging to the dear departed that they never grumble at my offer. Another good "line" is going to Oxford and Cambridge at the end of each term.

Formerly—and not so very long ago—all left-off articles of attire were given to the "scouts," who afterwards sold them to their friends or the local dealers. Time has changed this as well as many other things, and there are a good many men at college to-day who can afford to give nothing away.

Having previously sent my card to my old customers, I go to both Universities during the last week of term; Tuesday and Thursday Oxford, Wednesday and Friday Cambridge. As one "swell" recommends me to another—they are all pretty well hard up at this period—I generally come away with some rather large parcels. They are all good selling clothes, for they are usually of handy size, well made and of the latest fashions, just suited to the requirements of many young men who wish to "cut a dash" at the least possible expense to themselves.

With a business such as mine, which has been established any length of time, "pairing" is very much practiced. For example, I buy regularly the left-off garments—mufti—of a young officer in the army, and from experience I knew them to be a "splendid fit" for a bank clerk, a customer of mine.

Whenever I happen to get any of the officer's clothes I at once drop a line to my customer, on the other side of the book, and the deal is complete; the goods being sometimes bought and sold without having been in my possession twelve hours. In the ladies' department my wife knows that the pretty little wife of a neighboring butcher never looks better than when dressed in one of Lady C.'s discarded morning or walking dresses.

Valets are difficult men to drive a bargain with, as a rule. Although they clear out their master's wardrobe chest regularly—as their perquisites—they generally allow the stuff to accumulate in their own rooms, and only sell when money is wanted for some special purpose—when leaving their situation, going on a holiday or something similar. Anyhow, they will spend an hour trying to obtain an extra shilling for their bundle.

There are exceptions, of course. I remember one young fellow who would come in about twice a week, sometimes with only a single pair of trousers; and he never said a word when I made my offer.

His visits became so frequent that I began to entertain doubts as to his honesty, and my feelings were not easier when I discovered that he was in the habit of backing horses.

One day the climax was reached. He came rushing into the shop and inquired if a coat and vest he had sold to me two days previously were still in stock; he would, he said, give anything to get them back. Unfortunately they were sold, and he consequently left me very sorely disappointed.

I learned afterwards that he had for some time been helping himself to his master's wardrobe "without asking," in order to "raise the wind" to follow horse-racing. His employer had asked for the above coat and vest, and these not being forthcoming led to a investigation, which resulted in his instant dismissal.

There is undoubtedly a large quantity of clothing sold as second-hand by wardrobe dealers which is actually new. In fact, more than one "dealer" to my knowledge employs work-people all the year round making up "shoddy" suits—cheap stuff and cheap labor—which, sold as "gents' left-offs," will realize five shillings each more than they would do if sold as new.

The usual practice, however, is to buy up the soiled stock of a cheap clothier, and by pressing out the new creases give them the appearance of being worn. Such is the peculiarity of the British public that such goods will readily fetch as much, if not more, than they were originally marked at in the clothier's window.

Scientific and Useful.

SEWAGE.—Electricity, it is said, has been successfully introduced in England and France for purifying sewage.

SIGNS OF RAIN.—When the odor of flowers is usually perceptible, rain may be expected, as the air when damp conveys the odor more effectively than when dry. Damp air being also a better conductor of sound than dry, the sound of mills, railway trains, distant bells, etc., may be heard more plainly just before rain.

RUST.—Articles of steel and iron can be protected against rust by coating them electrolytically with peroxide of lead. A satisfactory coating can, it is said, be obtained in 20 minutes, and is perfectly proof against atmospheric influences. As the whole operation is conducted at ordinary temperatures, the temper of steel articles is unaffected by it.

PURE COPPER.—Pure copper cannot be hardened like steel. The hard copper tools of the ancients were made of an alloy of copper and tin. Such tools can be made now that will cut stone or wood. The proportion is seventy-two parts copper, twenty-eight parts tin. The tool must be cast in the shape required, and ground sharp. It cannot be hardened by tempering.

SAWDUST.—We are accustomed to the use of paper made from sawdust. An attempt has been made to produce artificial silk from a similar source, the pulp of wood. Ribbons of many hues have been exhibited, and the cost is said to be less than half that of real silk ribbons, and almost as good in appearance. But at Besancon it seems that the production of silk from wood pulp has long been manufactured, and large works built for the trade. It has never come into common use, one reason being the extreme inflammability of the material, as well as its want of durability.

Farm and Garden.

FOWLS.—Never allow sick fowls to remain with the flock but separate them and if the disease be of an epidemic or contagious nature, do not hesitate to use the hatchet and bury or burn the carcass.

GARDENS.—A tiny garden can be made by cutting a piece of sheet wadding to fit the top of a bowl or a wide-mouthed jar, which is filled with water just high enough for the bottom of the wadding to touch it. Two or three small bits of charcoal will keep the water pure, and when all is arranged the top of the wadding is sprinkled with seeds of mignonette, sweet pea or any other easily grown plant. The roots pierce down through the wadding and are nourished by the water, while leaves and blossoms, in a reasonable time, conceal the top.

TO REPAIR LEAKY ROOFS.—One of the very best preparations for repairing roofs that leak is to procure coal tar at the gas-works, and mix finely-sifted coal ashes or road dust with it till about as thick as mortar. Plaster with this carefully around leaky-roofed valleys or gutters, or about chimney flushings. It will soon set as hard as stone, an apparently as indestructible. This preparation is very cheap, and would probably answer equally well spread all over a roof previously laid with felt or roofing paper. Once put on properly, it seem to be there for all time.

GOOD WELL CURBING.—The best timber for curbing a well is hemlock, which is very durable when under water, and gives no flavor to the water. Of the woods some mention, all would rot very quickly except pine and tamarack, but pine is objectionable on account of its strong flavor. If hemlock cannot be procured, tamarack would be the best. The timber should be cut in two or three inch planks, and put together by halving the timbers at the end, and holding the halved parts dovetailed or cornered together, so that the sides cannot be forced in by the pressure of the earth, the upper half of one piece fitting upon the lower half of the other piece.

DON'T ALLOW YOURSELF to trifle with a Cold, and so encourage the development of some latent Pulmonary and Bronchial disease, which often ends fatally. You had better cure your Cough or Cold by promptly resorting to Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, an old-time remedy for all Coughs, Lung and Throat affections.

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A WORD TO OUR READERS.

There is not a home in the country that would not be brightened and made more beautiful by the magnificent companion pictures offered as a premium by THE POST.

They represent, in the highest and most perfect style of pictorial art, "COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA," of which the original is owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N. Y., and "THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS," original in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. These Pictures (size 21x28 inches each) are genuine oleographs in beautiful colors, printed on the thickest canvas paper and have the appearance of Oil Paintings, and certainly far surpass anything ever offered in this line. In all the history of art in this country there have never been offered to the public two such grand, artistic, and at the same time patriotic productions.

This latter mentioned picture is the reproduced model from which the new Columbian, United States 2-cent stamp was engraved. The stamp will give an idea of the figuring of the picture—although more than four hundred times smaller,—but nothing can convey an adequate notion of the beauty, variety and harmony of its magnificent coloring.

They are charming as works of art, educational, and, relating as they do to the discovery of our land, possess an all-round interest that makes them both desirable now and valuable as future mementoes and souvenirs. As a memorial of 1892—the year of the four-hundredth anniversary of Columbus landing upon our shores—these pictures would not only be objects of beauty and admiration to the present generation, but also of regard and love in the eyes of those to come. No true Americans who love their country should be without these splendid art works in their homes.

Both pictures are sent to all who send $2.00 for a year's subscription in advance.

Of Sensationalism.

The ugly word at the head of this article—we have used purposely to express a habit of mind into which the present age seems confessedly to have fallen—that of wanting a "sensation." Perhaps society may be divided into two parts; those who require, and those who endeavor to produce sensations, for no sooner was the word taken up and confined to its present meaning, than certain traders upon the requirements of the world, at once adopted and began freely to use it.

We have "sensation novels," and "sensation plays;" we have sensation leading articles, nay, even we see advertised "sensation hats," and sensation trousers and coats; and preachers who wish (as who does not?) to make a mark in the world, have been from time to time advised to preach sensation sermons. So that, for a time, at least, the word has become naturalized amongst us.

We need hardly stop to define what is meant by the word. People seem to understand very well that by it they describe a play-book or novel, a sermon or a garment, which is so far different from others that when one sees, hears, or wears it, a certain surprise is created.

It is more vivid than those of the usual run. It singles out the writer, preacher, or wearer from the common herd. It creates a feeling of something new, and it gives a fillip to the spirits and an excitement to the senses.

Perhaps the desire of creating a sensation exists more strongly in the breasts of the weaker than of the stronger sex; women are fonder of making a noise in the world than men are, but the desire is evidently very potent in both. When a man is married it is natural that his wife should excite him to action and to forwardness, because the rewards and the success of this life very much depend upon the prominence of the actor in it.

In the religious world this desire of notoriety is often disguised under an apparent anxiety about the spiritual welfare of the people. Hence clergymen and ministers of every sect are continually striving to move out of their own circumscribed sphere, and to create a stronger sensation in the public breast. The same effects may be observed in sensation writers as with the preachers. Startling effects, surprising incidents, do not take place in real life, except, indeed, it be the real life of a detective policeman.

Women are not generally married to husbands who have a few more wives living, nor men to women who wear their husbands as they do their gloves—in pairs. But these things occur continually in the pages of sensation writers, who, because of the real poverty of their style, and sad destitution of thought, find it necessary to cover their thin material with flashy bits of tinsel adventure, just as the stage robes of fairies in a pantomime are made to look richly embroidered by spangles. After reading books like these, one carries away no valuable monitions, no gems of thought. We expand our mental stomach for a time, but we take no nourishing food.

It follows, also, that to be sensational in the conventional sense, one must be immoral; indeed, the heroine of one novel of the school is described as "having no troublesome moral principles to keep her in check." Moreover, a moral heroine cannot perform the surprising tricks and tell the unblushing lies which the situation too often demands. Hence, as we say, these novels are immoral; and even the theological novels which "go in" for popularity, are touched with the same disease. The sensation novelist is, therefore, the very worst enemy which the world of letters can have.

A wise man, who knew what the world was, once advised a spasmodic preacher to be much more quiet, because, said he, "I don't like preaching to the nerves instead of the judgment;" but unfortunately an appeal to the nerves seems very necessary for immediate success in life. An easy victory, the facility of making a startling sensation, a great success achieved early in life, has ruined more people than one would care to count. After making a sensation, the mind easily grows to demand one. Vanity, and consequent conceit, are plants of a very rapid growth, and, when seen in full bloom, not only unpleasant to beholders, but very noxious to the possessors.

Appeals to the senses are always dangerous, and are signs, moreover, of a weakness of intellect, which is not unaccompanied by cruelty. The young hero, who, according to fable or history, signalized his babyhood by torturing flies, soon grew to demand a more vivid "sensation," and seasoned his play with occasionally startling his senators by crying out, with his eyes fixed upon some particularly grave and reverend old man, "Take that Bald-Head to the Lion!" "Of course," say his apologists—for even Nero and Caligula have their friends—"he meant this as a piece of fun, and enjoyed the terror of the old man, who wiped his clammy brow and nearly swooned through fear." This exquisite piece of fun was made all the more real by the roars of the lions in close proximity to the threatened senator, and by the knowledge that such executions were not uncommon. Why such terrorism was exercised was because the tyrant wanted a sensation.

Walking along a low rope, out of danger, would be an exercise of skill, and, although the art would be low, might still by some be admired; but certain portions of the public are not satisfied unless the rope be one hundred feet high or so.

The causes of this demand for sensationalism are various. They are, first, simple ignorance; secondly, a jaded and tired brain, caused by overwork and over indulgences; thirdly, a dullness and want of refinement springing from these two. Real ignorance, and idleness, however, are perhaps the greatest cause of the demand.

We may therefore be very certain that they who demand "sensations" are not the working classes; but if we search for them amongst the idle, the rich, and the indolent of the upper and middle classes, there we shall find them. Jaded with foregone excitements; having expended in their youth all the time which wise men give to enjoyment, in search of something new; believers in little or nothing; vacant in mind, having looked over rather than examined most of the things in life; informed, but not wise; with appetites morbidly sensitive, but not legitimately hungry; dissatisfied with the old, and always on the search for something new to satisfy a craving which they feel, and cannot appease;—such are they who, as a class, demand sensations. Such they have ever been, and such they will be till the end of time.

ANGER makes a good servant, but a very bad master. The question is, not how to crush it out utterly, but how to manage and control it so that good and not evil may result. Certainly, if this effort were sincerely and continuously made, very much of the anger that now runs riot would die a peaceful and natural death.

A WELL-PRESERVED nervous system can stand an occasional attack of righteous indignation in which considerable strong temper may be manifested, if time is taken to fully "cool off between the heats." It is the continual frotting, grumbling, and growling, without intervals of rest, that is wearing and injurious.

ONE of the most agreeable consequences of knowledge is the respect and importance which it communicates to old age. Men rise in character often as they increase in years; they are venerable from what they have acquired, and pleasing from what they can impart.

HEALTH, like success in life, is to be gained by paying attention to details. It is better to try to keep from catching cold than to be always trying to avoid infection. More can be done to check cholera by keeping houses clean than by using tons of disinfectants.

WHILE tenderness of feeling and susceptibility to generous emotions are accidents of temperament, goodness is an achievement of the will and a quality of life.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

LAURA.—Men have as many ribs as women. The absurd notion to which you refer took its rise from a too literal rendering of the story of the creation as told in Genesis.

M. D.—A few drops of glycerine and rose-water added to the water employed in washing the face will impart a healthy clearness to the skin, and a sensation of coolness and softness quite agreeable.

APRIL.—As a general rule the tablecloth is not used at "high tea." But if the china is tasteful, and more particularly if it be colored, a white tablecloth, not hanging down very low, always sets the room and table off to advantage.

CUTTY.—It is Salvation Yeo, a character in Charles Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" that describes tobacco as "a lone man's companion, a bachelor's friend, a hungry man's food, a sad man's cordial, a wakeful man's sleep, and a chilly man's fire."

NESSA.—An easy way to clean gold and silver jewelry is with a small quantity of ammonia in water. The article becomes very brilliant when washed and dried with a soft linen cloth and rubbed off with chamois leather. It requires no further polishing.

GISBY.—If the gentleman with whom you have been corresponding has ceased writing to you, without, as you state, any cause on your part, and if you have satisfactory proofs that he is not deterred from writing on account of sickness, you can understand by his silence that the correspondence has become irksome. The only course to pursue under such circumstances is never to write to him again on any pretence.

P. B.—Beef-eaters is a corruption of beaufetiers or buffetiers, the name given to a guard for the king's buffet, formed by Henry VII., A. D., 1485. The "Yeomen of the Guard," another name for the force, were required to be six feet in height. The force was afterwards raised to one hundred men and seventy supernumeraries. The Earl of Oxford was the first captain. As at present instituted, the force is an English state palace guard.

BLAND.—Faith and belief are commonly confounded, but they are very different. Belief is an act of the understanding; faith the warm trust of the heart. The first may exist without love, and is general; the second always more or less produces works, and is particular. We believe that Patagonia exists, though we have never been there. We have faith in the traveler who tells us so, and we follow his directions to get there.

GIPSY.—An old Latin verse of an obscure mediæval poet, Englished by, "Avoiding Scylla, you strike on Charybdis," seems to have been the origin of the famous saying. Pronounce sil-la and ka rib-dis. The rock and whirlpool called by those names lie—say those who are anxious to localize the Homeric legends—in the Straits of Messina, between Sicily and Italy, and were found to be very dangerous to mariners in early times.

ZETA.—The sun passes through the equator twice a year, and the day and night are equal. About the 21st of March is the time of the vernal equinox. The autumnal equinox occurs the 22nd of September. All great changes in the equilibrium of heat and magnetic-force distribution produce storms, which, for the most part, consist in the rush of dense cold air to fill the complement of space vacated by heat and rarefied air. These movements cause commotions in the strata of the atmosphere which we call winds. There are also the rolling storms and back currents.

INQUISITIVE.—It is generally supposed that there is no atmosphere—at least, no such atmosphere as we have—in the moon, for these reasons—first, no clouds have ever been observed, and, second, stars, when the moon passes before them, disappear instantly, instead of gradually, as they would if a strongly refracting atmosphere surrounded the moon. No water has ever been observed; and this is also another reason why there is no atmosphere, for water would certainly produce an atmosphere of its own vapor, even if no other gas existed to form it. From the above facts we may be sure the moon is not inhabited.

R. J. C.—The discovery of the power of steam to move bodies by expansive force was, it is said, made by the Marquis of Worcester, in Charles II.'s days. He threw an empty wine flask, corked, on the fire, and the remaining drops of wine generated steam, and blew out the cork. But to James Watt the invention of the steam-engine is universally accredited. As to what the ancients knew one can hardly say. The Chinese claim to have known gunpowder, printing, and the mariner's compass centuries before we did—but they made no use of them. The ancients certainly did not know of a locomotive or stationary steam-engine, if that is what you definitely ask.

UNHAPPY.—Naturally your girlish tenderness must rebel against such hardness and coldness; nevertheless there may be a deep well of affection beneath it all. So strong a contrast is really to be viewed favorably; at the same time, your womanly instinct must be your chief guide and monitor. Time will try and prove all; and, if the idol should prove to be of clay, you must not harbor a single regret. The remarks as to temper should not be taken so much to heart. Nothing, we believe, is absolutely intended. "A maiden has no tongue but thought." But thought at times is apt to be somewhat wild, inconsiderate, even unreasonable. Day follows the muskiest night. Be calm, patient, and forgiving, and no doubt all will conclude happily.

NOT VOID OF LOVE.

BY P. J. C.

Say not the world is void of love,
Because its smiles rest not on thee;
There may be one would die to prove
Her love, her truth, her constancy.

Then for that one still try to find
A germ of love—it soon will spread,
Illumine both thy heart and mind—
And brightness o'er thy pathway shed.

Go, seek for love, nor heed the frown
That o'er thee now the world may cast;
The sun's bright rays are brighter thrown,
Far brighter when the clouds have past.

Then seek for love; for love will bring
The hope that now to thee seems dead;
'Twill lend a charm to everything,
And brightness o'er thy pathway shed.

A Dead Hand.

BY A. Y. R.

OUTSIDE was the dreary dripping of the autumn rain; the fitful soughing of the wind.

The river, upon which the evening brooded dark and chill, rushed swollen and foam-flecked beneath the garden bank, filling the darkness with strange eerie noises suggesting passion-choked voices, now rising into angry threatenings, now dying away in sobbing murmurings.

The house was shut in by a belt of trees. It had a lonely look in the full glory of summer leaf and sunshine. But in autumn and winter, the memory of the dark mystery that clung to it seemed to brook over it, deepening its gloom and intensifying its stillness and sadness.

Years ago, a bride of a few weeks had been brought by her husband to this house as her home. They had apparently been the most happy and devoted of couples. But one night, when the young husband was in town, having been called to London on some important business, a terrible event took place.

Early in the morning the young wife was found lying on her bedroom floor, her throat cut from ear to ear. She was still dressed in the white dinner dress she had worn the evening before. An Oriental, sharp-edged dagger, often used by herself as a paper-cutter, lay under her right hand, which was covered with blood; while a deep gash crossed the palm and fingers. There were no traces of a possible murderer. Nothing had been touched, neither in the room nor on her person. On her finger was still a valuable diamond ring, which she always wore—a gift of her husband.

All, apparently, pointed to suicide.

There were, however, one or two curious facts. On the door of the bedroom, just above the lock—as if some one, with blood-stained fingers, had grasped it—was the mark of a hand; while downstairs, in the drawing-room, was an overturned chair, and under it the book which the poor girl had been reading after dinner. Some fancied that she had been attacked downstairs, and had fled up to her room, flinging open the door with her wounded hand, only to be overtaken at the spot where they found her lying. The expression of agonised terror on her face, even after death, confirmed this theory.

But after much conjecture and discussion, a verdict of suicide was brought in. It transpired at the inquest that there was insanity in the family, and that in more than one member of it, it had taken this form of suicide.

Herbert Sinclair was broken-hearted. He shut up the place and went abroad; nor did he ever return to it again, selling it as soon as he had an offer for it. A few months after the death of his wife—from whom he had inherited a handsome fortune—he married again.

The second marriage turned out a miserable one. Strange rumors concerning the house, too, began to circulate in the neighborhood. No one would stay in it long. People who occupied it declared that the dead wife haunted it. At last, the man who had bought it could find no tenant for it; and it had stood empty for years, when a lady, to whom it had passed by inheritance, came to live in it.

It was the very last kind of retreat a woman, still young and beautiful, who had been one of the most brilliant members of the fashionable world, would have been expected to choose. But, at the end of the last London season, Lady Devereux had made the bitterest discovery a woman can make. The man she had loved and married had married her only for her money—and he loved another woman.

During the two years of her married life Lady Devereux had slowly awakened to the fact that her husband was a heartless, unprincipled spendthrift. Most of her fortune had been squandered by him; yet she had uttered no word of complaint or reproach, hoping always that she might win him back from his ever-increasing harshness and neglect to the tenderness she still believed he had once felt for her.

Then she discovered the truth. He had lied when he told her that he loved her.

There was the other woman.

Lady Devereux was not one to forgive this. There was a terrible scene between them, and then she left him and came down to this lonely retreat, to stay till the bitterness and shame of this new discovery had softened a little. She was mistress still of a portion of her fortune, though, owing to a rather eccentric will of a relation, who had been as much deceived in Lord Devereux as she herself had been, it was arranged that if she died first and left no children it was to pass to him. She had no children, and her life alone stood between him and the money which, as she knew, his extravagant, heartless nature coveted.

Lady Devereux had been at the River House for two months. Her husband had made one or two attempts to see her; but she had refused to meet him or to admit him when he called. She knew that he was overladen with debt, and that he only wished to extort money from her to squander on his vices and follies.

But there was one acquaintance of hers who was haunted by a darker fear, though he scarcely shaped it to himself. He had returned to England with his regiment a month ago, after having been absent some years. He had heard in India vague rumors of Lord Devereux's conduct. Since his return, he had learned all its details. He knew what manner of man he was when his evil passions were fully roused. He had come down to River House to call on Lady Devereux, and to offer the help of which she was in so great need. This was the first time they had met since he had exchanged into a regiment abroad three or four years ago. Perhaps both, though they met as mere friends, thought of that time and of the fatal mistake she had made in rejecting the man who had loved her faithfully since they had been boy and girl together, to marry the handsome scoundrel who had brought her to this. Perhaps, if she had to choose again —— but neither could venture to think of this.

"I can't bear to leave you here alone," he said, as he rose at last to go. "It's such a lonely, dreary place." He stopped for a second, turning his head to the rain-swept window, as if to listen. The blinds were not yet drawn; but the evening was so dark that he could see nothing on the terrace outside. It was only the rustle of the bare creepers against the pane as the wind caught them. "I think you ought to have the shutters closed," he said, uneasily, turning to her again. "Those French windows aren't safe."

"I'm not afraid of burglars," she said, trying to laugh. Even before him she could not lay bare all the dreariness of her life, and the unhappy marriage had scarcely been touched on. "I have nothing valuable."

"But it's a dull old hole," he said, not wishing to frighten her, but still thinking with a curious chill of the steps by the boat-house, leading from the garden down to the river. Suppose any one should steal into the garden by that way; as it was whispered had been done once before, and come—— "And you haven't half enough servants in the house. Old Murphy isn't much use."

"Poor Old Murphy! He isn't much use, certainly, though he would die to save me. Do you remember how you and I used to take advantage of his devotion——" she checked the reminiscence of those old happy days. Something in Captain Hesseltine's eyes told her that it might be dangerous for them both. "But," with a slight impatience born of that consciousness, "he is enough to protect me from any possible danger here. There are only the ghosts, and they aren't a very substantial peril," forcing a laugh again. "I couldn't get any more servants to stay if I wanted them so much. I brought down four, and two of the maids left a week ago, foolish things! Some one had told them the story."

"So you only have Murphy and Weston here?" in dismay.

"Two new servants are coming to-morrow, and I have done very well. You know what Weston is. She is as faithful as Murphy. You needn't be afraid for me, Tom, with them to look after me; and you know I don't believe in ghosts."

With that strange reluctance still at his heart, Captain Hesseltine held out his hand. The room was full of soft light. A shaded lamp burned on the table near them. A great wood fire crackled and sparkled on the tiled hearth. The room was dainty and cosy enough, looking all the more luxurious from the contrast of the chill, wet darkness outside.

But he could not help thinking of that other young wife, who had sat there reading one such wild night as this. He forgot that he was holding her hand, as he looked down earnestly into her face.

"Promise me this," he said, "that you will have those shutters put up the instant I have gone. I wish you would let me ring for Murphy to do it now. You will be having the windows blown in with this wind. Do promise me, dear." The old word of boyish affection slipped out unawares.

But the instant they heard it, their hands fell apart, and a few moments later he was driving away from the house towards the station, where he was to take the train back to London.

But as he drove through the desolate, windy darkness, his thoughts would return to the River House.

"Though I don't know what I am worrying about," he said, with a kind of savage impatience, for his heart was burning and aching within him for the misery of the woman he loved. "Devereux is starting for Paris to-night, and he told Johnstone that he shouldn't come back to England for some months. She's safe enough; but I wish she weren't there alone in that ghost-haunted, lonely old house."

* * * * * *

Perhaps Hesseltine had alarmed her with his anxious precautions. Perhaps, though she had never uttered it to himself, the story of the tragedy-shadowed house oppression her.

At any rate, that night, when Lady Devereux went up to bed, through the silent house, she was conscious of a vague, expectant foreboding, which made her strangely nervous.

The night outside was full of the voices of the wind, and rain, and river, and the blackness of its darkness seemed to add to the wildness of their noises.

She wished she had allowed Weston to sleep in the room near hers, as Weston had offered to do, when her own maid had taken fright and left the house. Weston was sleeping now in the servant's quarters at the other end of the house. It would take some minutes for her to get to her mistress, if she were wanted.

Half ashamed at her own fears, and yet stopping every now and then, as she prepared for bed, to listen—as Captain Hesseltine had listened downstairs in the drawing-room—she could not help noticing how silent and lonely that wing of the house seemed. All sorts of odd fancies came to her. She found herself once or twice starting and turning quickly to look towards the closed door, as if she heard the sound of stealthy opening. She scarcely knew what she excepted to see—an earthly or a ghostly apparition.

And when she brushed her hair before the tall, darked-framed mirror, a strange cold chill touched her, as she thought of the dead wife who had once stood before it, as she was doing now. What if her face should suddenly look at her from out of its depths! She turned sharply. But there was no one behind her mockingly peering over her shoulder into the mirror.

She fought hard against all these half superstitious, half real fears. The look of the door leading on to the landing had gone wrong; but she resisted the inclination she had of barricading the door, taking herself to task indignantly for her cowardice. But she could not resist the temptation to leave a dim light burning in the room. And when she passed the other door of the room, she tried it to see if it were locked. This door led into a dressing-room in which she was now keeping a part of her wardrobe.

The door was locked, the key being in it.

She fell a sleep at last.

But it was a sleep haunted by broken fragments of dreams, in which the days when she and Captain Hesseltine were boy and girl together, mingled in a confused and often absurd way with her married life; and this in its turn seemed mixed up with that of the husband and wife whose story had come to a ghastly ending in this very house. Oddly enough, she never once dreamed of her own husband. It was always Herbert Sinclair who came and went in her dreams as her husband, though all the time she was conscious, in a harassed, troubled way, that he was not the man to whom she had plighted her troth, and she was always trying to find out what had become of that other man. This Herbert Sinclair in her dreams filled her with a fear and horror that for a moment would cause unspeakable anguish, and then the next, she would find herself laughing with Tom Hesseltine over some ridiculous trick they had played old Murphy.

But suddenly, as they were laughing together, she seemed to hear her name called out in a shrill agonised shriek—so sharp, so loud, that the dreaming brain, as if pierced by it, awoke, and she struggled up in bed, staring into the dimly lit room, every pulse beating like a sledge-hammer. Was it a dream? Or was it the howling of the wind, now blowing a gale?

She sat up, staring towards the door, the shriek still ringing in her ears. Good Heavens! The door was ajar!

An icy breath swept suddenly through the room, from it to her. In the dim light, she seemed to see a hand, clasping the door, just above the lock—a small, white fingered hand. On the third finger were rings—one a wedding-ring, the other a half-hoop of diamonds. It was strange how clearly she saw it all. There was a stain on the back of the hand; it disfigured the slender fingers. What was there in the close, convulsive grasp that gave the suggesting of some one outside there on the landing clinging to the door in mortal fear and anguish—some one pursued by a hideous enemy, whose presence was murder? Not of mere life alone. It was the awful horror of a human soul which faces the death of all human faith, and trust, and hope, and love.

And as Lady Devereux looked, the horror and anguish of that presence, of which her bodily eyes could only see the blood-stained hand, fell on her and became her own. It was her enemy who was hideously creeping up the staircase to the landing outside her room. That approaching murderous fate, with its awful ghosts of slain things, was hers.

Was there no escape?

With a moaning, stifled cry, she stumbled out of bed.

The door of the dressing-room seemed suddenly to awaken some power of conscious thought in her terror-distraught brain.

She fled towards it, unlocked the door, and ran into the darkness of the room. In her anguish of horror she did not even close the door behind her, but, with a kind of childish madness, caught at a fur cloak which lay across a chair, and flinging it over her white night-dress, sank down on the floor against the wall, pulling the garments that were hanging on it closer about her, to hide herself still more completely in their shadow. He might find her there; but she was powerless to stir another step.

She did not know how long she crouched there.

But suddenly the suspense of awaiting those stealthy, murderous feet became unbearable. She uncovered her face and raised her head.

From where she crouched in the darkness she could see into the bedchamber. As she looked, she saw, in the dim light burning there, her husband—the man who, she believed, had once loved her. He was standing in the middle of the room looking towards the alcove where stood the bed. He was bending a little forward, as if listening intently. The whole attitude was full of watchful attention. He was trying to discover whether she were sleeping; or if she had heard his entry.

He stood just on the spot where that other wife had met her doom.

And it seemed to Lady Devereux, as she stared at him, her face white, and full of piteous agony and horror, that just between him and the bed was the faint, misty outline of a white-clad figure.

And then she rose slowly and stiffly from her hiding-place, as if human anguish had approached its limits, and in its place had come a dumb, nerveless calm. She moved softly. He was so intent on his dreadful watching that he heard nothing. Then he began to creep towards the bed.

There was another door in this smaller room, leading out on to the passage, from which a short flight of stairs led into a second staircase at the back of the house.

She stepped softly to it. Would the key turn noiselessly in the lock? It creaked slightly; but the sound did not penetrate to the bedchamber beyond. She drew the door cautiously open, and stole out on to the landing. But the long fur cloak she had about her caught a chair that stood close by the door, and it made a sound as it was moved on the polished floor of the passage. This time the noise reached the farther room. A sudden impulse prompted

her to snatch out the key and lock the door on the landing, to shut him in.

But it was a delay. And as she was drawing the door to she looked across the room, and there, standing in the door beyond, was her husband. The very sight of him filled her once more with the wild, childish madness of terror; she pulled to the door, not waiting to lock it, and ran down the passage, and down the staircase, knowing that if he overtook her he would kill her.

She did not know whither she was to fly. She could not reach the other wing in time; but she scarcely even thought of the servants. Her only desire was to get out of the house where he was; to be beyond the pollution of his wicked presence; to go anywhere rather than meet his eyes, if it were into the river itself.

She heard steps behind her on the staircase. She heard them following her as she fled along the stone passage below.

There was a door at the end of it—a side entrance from the garden into the house.

It was bolted and locked. But she tore at the bolts and bars, bruising her fingers, and ran out in the windy, raging night, just as those wicked steps reached the open door behind her.

* * * * * *

She found herself caught in a pair of strong arms. And her dumb agony broke at last, and she screamed aloud.

"Don't let me see your eyes, Henry! I loved you once—kill me if you like, but don't let me see your face." And she covered her eyes with her hands.

"Good Heaven!" The arms closed closer round her. "Madge! What is it?" The voice made her lift her head.

The moon had broken through a rift in the driving clouds, and she saw Hesseltine. It was he who was sheltering her from the hideous fate that was pursuing her. She clung convulsively to him.

"Tom! Save me!"

He held her closer to his breast, but his eyes were looking towards the open door. On its threshold stood Lord Devereux.

For a moment the two men gazed at each other.

Then into the murderous hate in Devereux's face came a gleam of malignant insolence. He was discovered, but with desperate cunning and the malevolence of baffled fury, he tried an infamous attack.

"So this is how my pattern wife conducts herself! Stealing out of the house in the middle of the night to meet——" the sentence was never finished; Hesseltine put Madge Devereux swiftly from him, and the next second Devereux was reeling against the lintel of the door, his handsome face disfigured for life with a blow on the lips that had uttered the infamy.

"Look at her!" said Hesseltine in a choked voice, pointing at Madge, who stood as if turned to stone in the moonlight. "Look at her bare feet—they are bleeding, wounded, flying from your cruelty and treachery. Look at her face! If ever a man should be cursed it is you, for bringing such a look there! If you dare utter one more word to her, I will kill you as you would have murdered her to-night, had I not been here!"

With unspeakable rage, Devereux, recovering from the shock of the blow, sprang on Hesseltine. But Hesseltine was prepared and flung him off.

"You will live to repent this—both of you!" he said, slowly putting his handkerchief to his bleeding mouth. "All the town shall know to-morrow of how I found you here together to-night, and how I saw you from the terrace this afternoon, standing with your hands clasped in each other's. I saw you though you didn't see me, and she shall wish herself dead many a time before I have done with you both!"

Even Hesseltine stood appalled for a second before the malignance of the suppressed tone. Before he could move, Devereux disappeared into the night. Hesseltine's first impulse was to follow him. Then the sight of Lady Devereux checked him, as she stood there, bare-footed, in the uncertain moonlight, the wind blowing her rain-wet hair about her white face.

He took her in his arms and lifted her across the threshold.

The sick rage died out of his heart, and he stood for a second looking down at her very wistfully.

"You aren't afraid to go back alone?" he asked, sternly crushing his desire to see her safe in Weston's keeping. "But I shall be here—outside. No one shall enter the house to harm you again. Call Weston and Murphy up at once. And when Weston is with you, put lights in some of the windows, and I shall know you are safe. Do you understand, dear?"

She still seemed dazed, but she promised him as a child would have done.

He stood outside the door, watching her till she disappeared in the darkness of the passage. He waited still some minutes. Then he closed the door, as a man might reverently and softly close the door on a beloved dead woman.

The rain was ceasing. The moon remained longer uncovered by the drifting clouds. By its light he searched the garden and tried to discover how Devereux had entered the house. He went down to the river edge by the landing-stage.

There were footsteps leading to and from it. His face grew paler as he remembered the strange presentiment that had chilled him as he said good-bye to Madge that afternoon.

The drawing-room and her bedroom faced the river. Devereux must have been watching them from the terrace while they talked in the lamp-lighted room. He had come by the river steps, as that thought had suggested.

Hesseltine looked down at the wet, slippery stairs and caught sight of something white lying on the lowest step—an object sometimes covered, sometimes left bare by the foam-flecked current which was racing under the bank. He picked it up. It was caught by the branch of a bramble, and surging waters had not been able to sweep it away. It was a blood-stained handkerchief, marked with Devereux's initials. He must have dropped it as he returned by the way he had come. Hesseltine strained his eyes through the fitful moonlight to see if he could catch sight of the boat by which he had come and gone.

But the trees, swaying and groaning in the wind, drooped over the water near where he stood, and he could see nothing beyond but the black, rushing water, with its yellow-flecked miniature waves and eddies. An ugly night for a man to be out in on a small craft.

Hesseltine turned away at last and went back to the house. Lights were burning in two or three of the rooms. Much as he desired to stay and keep guard, he did not dare.

Devereux's horrible threats rang in his ears, and he knew what manner of man he was. Hesseltine's love for Madge was something so sacred that the very thought of bringing a shadow on her fair name was torture. She was safe now. Devereux would not venture to return.

But as he went back to the inn where he was putting up for the night, about two miles away, he was full of a new dread for her. His presentiment, that she was in some physical peril, had been so strong after leaving her that afternoon, that, at the very moment of getting into the train for London, he had changed his mind and stayed behind. He drove out to the little inn where he was now putting up, and, after dinner, had started off, ostensibly, for a stroll. But he had made his way to the River House, and, scarcely knowing what he dreaded, had lingered near the house for some time. He was just going away when the scene happened.

He was convinced that he had saved her from death. But his heart was still very heavy within him, and he lay awake still long after dawn thinking over this new peril that menaced her. In spite of her truth and purity, what harm might not a man like Devereux do her? With his ready lies and cold malignity, there was no evil word he would stop at.

And a woman's fair name is so easily tarnished!

If dishonor touched her it would kill her. All those who knew her would believe in her; but then there was the scandal-loving, cruel world. How could she bear its gossiping scorn?

He could not resist going to the River House early in the morning to enquire after her. He did not see her. She was completely prostrated by the events of the dreadful night.

She was in the doctor's hands, and they feared brain fever.

But he saw Weston; she gave him a small bottle that she had picked up in her mistress' room beside the bed.

It was chloroform. She and Murphy had gathered something of what had taken place, and they both believed that it had been Devereux's intention to pour the contents of the bottle on her pillow as she slept, and leave the empty bottle by her side, to give the suggestion that her death had been either the result of an accident, or that she had taken her own life intentionally.

Weston said she had not mentioned the discovery to his mistress, and Hesseltine, who fully agreed with their theory, told them they had done right.

He took possession of the bottle and kept it with the blood-stained handkerchief. Then he went up to town to consult a friend, a lawyer, all day dreading the very sight of a paper, lest already some horrible lie, invented by Devereux, should have found its way into it.

Lady Devereux was spared that fear, for before night she was in a brain fever.

Day after day went by, and all the time she lay between life and death mercifully spared from at least the torment that racked Hesseltine. Through all his anxiety for her illness ran that other fear for her peace and honor.

But the days passed, and Devereux seemed to make no attempt to carry out his threat. Hesseltine did not believe that fear of a counter-charge of attempted murder kept him quiet. He was afraid of nothing, and would hesitate at nothing for revenge. Hesseltine began to make enquiries, but he could hear nothing of him. Those who knew him intimately declared that he was abroad, and had been since the day Hesseltine first went down to the River House.

Then another thought struck him, and he went down to the river to make further enquiries. An overturned broken boat had been found the day after this stormy night, caught between some snags, about two miles below the River House. An accident had been feared, though no traces of the possible occupant had been found. But a week later, as Hesseltine was searching for news, a swollen, shapeless thing was found in the river below one of the weirs. The features were unrecognizable, and the face and head had been so battered about by the fierce currents which had driven the body against the piles, that even the mark of Hesseltine's blow was no longer distinguishable in the dreadful justice meted out to him by a merciless Nemesis. But by the clothes and jewelery found on the body it was discovered to be that of Lord Devereux. The watch had stopped half an hour after he had left the River House.

His boat must have been driven against a snag in the rush of the waters, while the darkness had made him still more helpless. He had probably been flung out of the boat, and then, powerless against the swollen current, had been swept down over the weir.

It was many days before Madge was told the news. It was not for many months that peace came back to her.

But two years later she became Hesseltine's wife; and to the end of her days she will believe that her life was spared that night, for this great joy that has come to her, by the blood-stained hand of the poor young wife whose own dream of married happiness came to so foul an end.

But for the sight of that blood-stained hand on the door, she would never have left the room that night.

Hesseltine, with a man's scepticism, does not take quite the same view of the case, but he never contradicts her. Indeed, he cannot bear even to hear her speak of that time at all.

She would not part with the River House. But though they have often stayed there since, the dead hand of Amy Sinclair has never again been seen clinging to the door.

Perhaps the merry voices of happy children have hushed the poor bride-wife into rest at last.

By Chance.

BY S. U. W.

THE day was fast declining, and a cool breeze from the hills was sweeping over the drowsy little Devonshire village, as the two equestrians, who were filling up an idle summer in scouring the wildest and most romantic parts of the West Country, slackened rein, and looked about for a possible night's lodging. They were men of thirty years or so, with all the world-worn marks that show themselves, or are assumed, so conspicuously at that age.

Graduated together at Balliol, Oxford, they had both dropped into easy fortunes, and settled in the same chambers in London to run their luck in the literary world.

Society had been electrified from time to time by daring articles in the periodicals of unconventional odor, and brilliant spirited witticisms; whilst the philosophic world had welcomed the subtle reasoning and amazing power of language that fell from another unknown pen. And the two men were as unlike in character and physique as they were in mind and taste. Jack Derwent was strongly and gracefully built, and endowed with all the fascinations of the correctly handsome face.

But Jack knew, with all his sparkling bonhomie and good looks, he had never learnt the secret magnetism that drew the women of deeper soul to prefer the society and eccentric visage of his friend. Cope's face denoted all the mental strength and force of the man; by far too expressive, too shadowed and lined with thought, to give one any distinct idea of what the mere features were, but a face unmistakably indicative of keen intellectual power and great-hearted sympathies. A face that one trusted instinctively or shrank from in nervous fascination. What his personal magnetism was, no one had ever defined, but all recognized its living influence. In every circle of society he was always the central attraction, and yet his almost aggravating modesty and lack of self-esteem had thwarted, and were likely to thwart, all his friend's ambitious ideas for him.

In spite of a delicate constitution, he could rise to all his companion's enjoyment of life, and had expressed his delight in the rich beauty of the country through which they were riding by many a poetic outburst, which the effete Jack had attempted to crush.

"Don't you think," cried the latter, "that looks a possible place?" pointing to a farm at the end of the deep, red lane.

"Yes," Earle replied; "I already embrace the cider."

"And the pretty farmer's daughter!" and Jack pointed with his whip through the trees to their right, to a small figure dressed in rough serge and a colored kerchief, driving home the cattle.

"No, I am a weary of women, and agree with the sage old Father of the church, who denounced them as, 'a necessary evil, a natural temptation, a desirable calamity, a deadly fascination, and a painted ill.'"

Jack laughed. "Not much paint about a farmer's daughter. Hallo! my lass, can you tell us if we can get a night's lodging anywhere about here?"

They had overtaken the girl and the cattle, but Jack's familiarity met with no response; she walked slowly on without apparently the least idea she had been addressed, and there was something strangely dignified in the girl's walk, and the imperious pose of her head beneath the kerchief. The men glanced at each other, and Earle sprang to the ground and reached her side.

"Would you oblige us"—he began, and she turned and faced him. For a moment he was taken aback by the beauty of the woman, and the innate refinement of her whole mien.

"Yes?" she asked, scanning his face with a fearless smile. "What is it you want?"

"A night's lodging," he answered. "Perhaps you would kindly direct us."

"We can take you in at the farm if you will ride on. That is the entrance."

She returned his bow with proud indifference and fell back.

"By Jove!" Jack exclaimed. "What magnificent eyes! and what a voice!"

"Yes," said Earle; "I have forgotten my thirst."

They found a ready accommodation, and the hearty farmer delighted to welcome them.

"I'm glad for my daughter," he said, rubbing his hands and eyeing the horses as a lad unstrapped the knapsacks from the saddles and led them away. "I'm always glad for my daughter when a scholar turns up. She's like her mother, and the old lady before her, fond of a bit of learning. Where will ye like to sup? It's cool in the porch here."

Later on he came and suggested a walk round the place before it was too dark, for there were various points of traditional interest connected with it. Jack readily accepted, but Earle pleaded fatigue, and preferred to smoke in the porch.

"Bertha," the farmer called to his daughter, "bring the gentleman that paper Squire Godwin left last week."

"My father has no idea news a week old is slightly uninteresting," she said, as she brought it with a smile. "This is the Saturday Review, and a very poor number."

"You are a reader yourself?" Earle could not resist asking.

"I read everything that comes in my way," she answered. "But I am interrupting your smoke."

She passed down the path, and he quickly followed and opened the gate. A red glow of sunlight flashed upon her as she smiled to thank him, and he wondered if he had ever seen so beautiful a woman.

Jack came back limping, supporting himself on the farmer's arm.

"Sprained my ankle, confound it!" he explained, and the farmer entered on a long tirade against the learning that took away all a man's common-sense; and

Earle never quite grasped how it had happened. Bertha came quickly to the fore, and showed a remarkable skill in binding.

"It is not very severe," she said; "but you will not have to keep your foot up, and must prolong your stay for a few days, which I hope will not be a great inconvenience to you?"

"It is a happy necessity," he answered quickly.

"The couch in my sitting-room is the most comfortable, father," she said, "and these gentlemen shall with pleasure occupy the room."

They both protested; and only gave in when she promised that it should not banish her or her father. Earle approached it with curiosity. There is always so much that is characteristic in the arrangement of a room, and how would this woman with her stately mien and white hands have described her tastes? He certainly did not expect quite the charm of the artistic touch he found. It was all so simple, but so perfect in harmony of coloring, so graceful in its poverty. The little oak bookcase held her few treasures; the walls were bare except for one or two water-color sketches and a portrait in oils. Of herself?

Jack's eyes asked the question as he glanced from it to her own face, and saw the strong likeness.

"No," she smiled, "every one makes that mistake. It was an ancestor of mine on my mother's side, who died very tragically—curiously enough in this very house."

"May we know the tragedy?"

Jack sank back on the couch and she raised the pillows for him.

"Oh, it is very little I can tell you; you shall see the room before you go, if you like," she said dropping her voice. "My father cannot bear the subject mentioned, and has fallen into the old superstition of allowing nothing to be touched."

"Is it the room above that queer wooden staircase at the north end?" Jack asked.

"Yes; you noticed? The farm in those days was the old Manor House, and this girl, the daughter of the house, had the misfortune to be beautiful without realising the misfortune. One Christmas Eve a ball was given in the neighborhood, and there she met her fate. It is supposed her lover, mad with love and jealousy, followed her home and surprised her in her room as she was undressing. She was found in the morning stabbed, her ball-dress flung on the bed, and the man's sword lying on the floor in a pool of blood. The dress and sword have never been removed, they are lying there still."

"But the man?"

"No one ever traced him, or, as far as I can make out, attempted to do so!"

"It would have been easy enough," Jack cried excitedly; "the man's sword would most likely have betrayed him—it probably bears his crest."

"Which rust has slightly obliterated. But you shall see it."

It was a promise he was eager should be fulfilled, but the opportunity was slow in coming, as it was necessary the farmer should be out of the way. But the time passed pleasantly enough for the two men, who delighted in the companionship of this intellectual, self-cultured woman.

"I wonder," Jack said once, when he had watched her pass the window in her dark green habit—"I wonder if she would be as beautiful under other circumstances?"

Earle looked up from his book with a quick, scrutinising glance.

"I doubt if she would be so happy."

"That is begging the question; but what do you mean?"

"Throw such a woman into a greater intensity of life, where all her powers would be called into play, and she would suffer acutely."

"But beautifully! One would be careful to surround her with all the refinements of beauty that would appeal to her sensibilities. Here her spirit must be for ever unsatisfied.

"I think not. Goethe says 'no circumstance is unpoetic to the poet,' and I think she fulfils that. But to go back to your first question. Such a woman must always be beautiful, anywhere, everywhere, and she must create beauty wherever she breathes."

"My dear fellow, your enthusiasm will be the ruin of you! And I am not sure you are right. She is the genius of this place, because all surrounding beauty falls short of her, and because she strikes the one harmonic note. But picture her in a higher ideal atmosphere, take her from her isolation——"

"You can't! She must for ever be isolated—the one distinctive, not harmonic, note—the one ideal that has fulfilled itself."

He walked to the window, and pushed aside the curtain to gain a wider view. "This place is a dream of beauty. But why should we stay any longer? Your foot's all right."

"What a restive animal man is! I don't intend to go till I have seen the mystic chamber."

"My dear boy! A few rags and cob-webs. Besides, Miss Lane told me this morning there will be a brilliant opportunity whilst her father was at market this evening."

They made the investigation, and Jack was intrusted with the sword to make any discoveries he could. He took it to his own room, and Earle followed his hostess back to the house. But both paused in the porch, and turned to watch the late sun reddening the deep-shadowed lane at their feet.

"Mr. Derwent declares sunsets are out of date—vulgarised! How amusing he is with his effete indifference!" she said, glancing with her beautiful smile into Earle's face.

"It is a borrowed cynicism that he certainly amusingly assumes," Earle laughed "But London is sated with these ideas; and all life becomes shallow and unreal when they are indulged."

"Are you not a little cynical yourself?"

"What makes you say that?" he asked quickly.

"I am never altogether sure whether you are laughing at me or not," she said, a little nervously.

"Laughing at you! I should be denying the grandest hope of my life."

"What have I to do with that?" The smile of an undefined surprise parted her lips, and her eyes darkened.

Earle caught her hands, and held them fiercely in his own.

"I mean you have taught me—you are teaching me—that there is an immeasurable, inexhaustible attainment, beyond the buried facts of life; or else one's soul has been awakened in vain, and the glimpse of heaven the cruelest of all illusions."

She took her hands gently away, and turned from him.

"You are in a strange, impressionable mood. I don't quite understand you. But it is only a passing emotion, and when you have returned to your own surroundings you will forget this moment."

"Bertha!"

"Hush!—not you—not you!" and she covered her face with her hands. Then with an effort, she came close to him, and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"You have stayed too long—stayed until the great pulses of life are drugged with false illusions. Go back! Go back to reality, and leave the thought of me here. I——oh! I am no friend—no possible worth to such as you!"

Again he took possession of her hands, and his lips were very white.

"You have no trust in me? No—why should you? Men have told you—I know there was never a man who crossed your threshold but has told you—you are beautiful, and he loves you. I tell you neither; such expressions are commonplace, insulting. I only tell you, by some wonderful fatality, my soul has been drawn into touch with a greater soul; and the only response of my being lies in you. I only tell you the life of glory, for a few blissful weeks, has been revealed to me—revealed in your eyes, your smile—and when its memory dies, I shall be worse than dead."

He bent over her, his breath fanned her brow, and she heard the beating of his heart.

For one instant she trembled, and a great sob rose in her bosom; and then she said:

"No man has so honored me. But I will not, I dare not listen to you. The world lies at your feet; you are born for greatness. And it shall not be lost, sacrificed for a passing fancy for a farmer's daughter!"

She bowed her proud, lovely head beneath his gaze, and walked past him into the house.

The sword was still undergoing its scouring and polishing when Earle came in an hour later, and Jack was far too eager to notice any change on her friend's face, but he was a little irritated with Earle's renewed persistence on leaving the following day.

"I was just making up my mind to stay here all the autumn," he said.

"What, and give up Switzerland and Lady Grace?"

Jack reddened. "Ah! there is beauty personified," he sighed; "or conventionalized?"

"You are a Philistine, Earle! there is not the smallest hope for you. Hallo! by George!"

"Eureka?"

"Yes, but look at that! Aut vincere aut mori."

Earle stared and took the sword from Derwent's hand.

"It is what you supposed," he said after a careful examination. "It is my own crest, and I am the descendant of a murderer; a murderer of——" He stopped, and the sword dropped to the ground. Bertha was in the room.

"I have come for it," she cried; "it must be returned. I—I heard what you said—your crest!"

Earle picked it up and gave it to her laughing bitterly.

"A beautiful inheritance to have dropped upon, is it not? A complete and irreversible answer to all my pleading," he added below his breath, and his eyes burnt her with their fierce light.

"I cannot see what you have proved," Jack cried; the whole truth of the scene flashing startlingly upon him.

"Everything! There are initials—my own, too, by another strange coincidence F. C."

"But what has a jealous mania to do with you?"

"I bear the stain on my name. An hour ago, this lady did me the honor to listen to my addresses. I make her now the sincerest apology, and I will not intrude another night under her roof. May I order my horse, madam?"

The graceful courtesy of this man touched her deeply. She put the sword from her as if it had pierced her, and looked in his face with his eyes full of tears.

"If you put yourself to this inconvenience, you will pain me greatly. Please stay as long as you intended, and grant me a few words before you leave. I am a little overwrought, I will not see you again to-night."

She held out her hand to Jack, and he saw the tears were streaming down her cheeks.

"Thank you," was all Earle said, and he did not see her face.

The dews were heavy on the green fields the next morning when he waited to bid her good-bye. Jack had agreed to follow him later in the day. And he was standing now, one hand on his bridle, looking up the lane for the flutter of the white gown, and the breeze stirring the dark hair of the proud bare head that he should never see again.

She came at last, pale in her beauty and majestic in her pain.

"You were kind to grant me this," she said, and she took the red rose, all wet with dew, from her breast, and held it up to him.

"Wear it to-day," she said "for my sake, and know that I shall ever think of you apart from all other men; that I cannot connect you with any incident of the past, and that if you would leave me without one bitter thought, you will wipe this story from your memory now and for ever."

"Bertha, you are noble and generous! I dare not accept your words, but one question I will, I must ask you. Has my coming here brought you any pain?"

"It is a pain that is beautiful," she answered, unconsciously rendering Jack Derwent's ideal for her. "No one could come into contact with you and feel quite the same again, and I—I——"

"What?" he whispered, but he had read the passion of love in her eyes, and he had folded her closely to his breast.

"Bertha, is it true? I would have waited for you for ever; but I will not go away to-day, my love; nor ever, without you."

THE CUNNING SPIDER.—Everyone has noticed that when a spider's web is touched the insect will violently shake the web up and down, but few are probably aware of the reason for this curious action. The spider is well provided with eyes, but its sight is very limited, so much so, in fact, that if a fly is caught in the web and lies perfectly still, the spider will often be unable to find it for a considerable time. When in doubt as to what quarter of the web the prey had lodged on the spider always shakes the web and determines by the resistance the whereabouts of its game. It does so, too, with almost infallible accuracy, as anyone who has the curiosity to make the experiment can determine, for in the great majority of cases, after the spider has given its web a good shaking, it will start off in a run directly to the point where the intruder is lodged.

A GENTLEMAN having a horse that ran away and broke his wife's neck was told by a neighboring squire that he wished to purchase it for his wife to ride upon. "I cannot spare it," said the other; "for I may marry again."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

During the last 20 years the area of land in England under the plough has diminished by very nearly 2,000,000 acres, or over 14 per cent. The amount of arable land in Wales has diminished 21 per cent. in the same period. In Scotland, on the contrary, it has increased by 78,000 acres.

The human body contains 150 bones and 500 muscles; the heart beats 70 times a minute, displacing each time 44 grammes of blood. All the blood passes through the heart in three minutes. In a normal condition the lungs contain 5 litres of air; we breathe 1200 times every hour. There are 13 elements in the body, 5 gaseous and 8 solid. A man weighing 70 kilogrammes represents 44 kilogrammes of oxygen, 7 of hydrogen, 1.75 of azote, 600 grammes of chlorine, 100 grammes of fluorine, 22 kilogrammes of carbon, 800 grammes of phosphorus, 100 grammes of sulphur, 1750 grammes of calcium, 80 grammes of potassium, 50 grammes of iron; no precious metals.

Few people know of the district in the South called the "Poor Man's Belt." It is a tract of country which begins a little distance south of Richmond, Va., and extends along the Atlantic and gulf coasts into Texas. It is about 1800 miles in length, while it varies from 50 to 150 miles in width. The country, being generally sandy, produces little timber, save the long-leafed pine, while pitch, tar and turpentine are produced in large quantities. During slavery days it got a bad name because no cotton was raised on it, but since the Southern people are beginning to look elsewhere than to the cotton fields for its wealth the "Poor Man's Belt" promises to become one of the richest parts of the Southern States.

The following from the "Bangkok (Siam) Times" may be comforting to the class of people who work at night and sleep in the daytime: "A German doctor has discovered that the majority of the people who live long sit up late at night. Eight-tenths of the people who reach 80 never, so he says, go to bed until the small hours, and take care not to get up until the day is well aired. Not only is it a very fine thing to go to bed late, but it is correspondingly dangerous to get up early. 'Early rising,' says this immoral corrupter of youth, 'tends to exhaust the physical powers and to shorten life.' Indeed, if you have got the wrong kind of constitution for early rising the practice may carry you off in the flower of youth."

There is hardly a State in the Union that has not a Post Office with the name Smith in it somewhere, and there are 1500 Postmasters and Post Office employes named Smith. Illinois has, for instance, a Smithfield, a Smithdale, a Smithboro, a Smithshire, a Smithson, and a Smithville. Then there are Smith's creeks, Smith's fords, Smith's ferrys, Smith's mills, Smith's groves, Smith's valleys, Smith's cross roads, Smith's lakes, Smith's landings, Smith's corners, Smith's rivers, Smith's flats, Smith's ranches, Smithburgs Smith's basins, Smithflowers, Smith's branches, Smith's roads, Smith's forks, Smith's points; and down in South Carolina, Smith's Turnout—all Post Offices, too, from Maine to California, and the Lord only knows how many Smith places there are that are not Post Offices.

Susan Trainer, a young woman in New York, has made no less than 15 attempts at suicide within the last four years. Each time she tried strangulation, and with very few exceptions nearly succeeded in her efforts at self-destruction, life being all but extinct when found. In addition to her narrow escapes from death at her own hand during the last four years she has had three others in the same period which were accidental. Once she was struck by a locomotive, once upset from a boat and once had her clothing caught fire. In the first two of those accident cases physicians said she could never recover. A curious feature about her case is that nearly the whole period named has been spent by the young woman in jail, and none of the attempts at self-destruction were made within prison walls.

How's This!

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Our Young Folks.

NEP THE HERO.

BY A. B. CRAWLEY.

"WELL, Mat?"

"I don't like to be called Mat: 'tisn't my name, and 'tis like a doormat."

"Then I suppose you'd like to be called Martha.

"'Martha and Mary went down to the sea,
A big fish swallowed them, fiddle-de-dee!'

"Is that your game?"

"Yes, it is indeed; that is just what I want."

"To be gobbled up by a fish?"

"No, to go down by the sea, and wide all the way in your barrow, same as I did yesterday."

"But then I'm not Mary—and, if I were you, I'd say ride, not wide, like a baby."

"No, you're Dick, and I'm not a baby."

"Well, put on your tile, and let's be off."

"I haven't got a tile—I shall put on my hat: mamma says you're a slangy boy, and that's much worse than being like a baby."

Dick snapped his fingers at her. He felt very big, down here by the sea, a manly boy of seven, taking care of five-years-old Mattie; paddling, and running races on the shore with the other boys, keeping an eye upon his charge the while, as she played with the other little ladies, bathing their dollies, and so on. Dick always said "Faugh!" to this nonsense, as he called it, and turned away on his heel, in boyish contempt.

Mamma was lying down with a headache, nurse busy with baby; the afternoon laughed in its golden beauty, the sea beckoned them, it required little coaxing from Mattie to induce Dick to get his wheelbarrow, and to give her a triumphal ride down to the sunny beach. But, somehow, to-day their little friends had "other fish to fry," to quote Dick—for they were promenading with their nurses, watching Punch and Judy, and the like—so the wee man and maiden betook themselves to their own devices, all by themselves.

First, Dick launched his boat, the Princess, with Midge, Mattie's baby doll, as her only passenger. Dick was captain and crew all in one, holding the skittish bark in check with a piece of string. Well, there was soon a terrible wreck, and the Princess went down before their eyes, bearing the hapless Midge to a watery grave.

"Oh! you're a great silly captain, to let your ship wreck: I do fink I could be better captain than you. Oh! Midgie, Midgie!" and Mattie stretched out her baby hands in mimic grief, as Midge cut a last caper on a laughing wave, and went down with her treacherous bark.

"You wouldn't—you wouldn't even have launched her," said Dick crossly; but, still, he was sorry for the loss of his boat, sorry for the fate of poor Midge, and at seeing his sister standing and looking so disconsolately out over the sea.

Of course the sea laughed over it all, as it has done before and since over wreck and disaster.

"Let's go round to the Mermaid Corner," suggested Dick kindly. That was a bend in the shore, where Mattie often fancied she could see mermaids bathing and dancing, in the rain-bow-tinted spray, in the sunshine; nay, sometimes she thought she heard them call to her—

"Come out, little maiden, come out to me."

But to-day her eyes were too dewy to see any such fairy sights, so she answered—

"No, Dick, I only want to wide quietly in your barrowe"; and the boy took her a long jaunting drive in the other direction, without reproving her for that provokingly babyish word wide.

"Let's go to the Sunset Rock," said he presently.

The Sunset Rock was a rock running out into the sea, always wreathed about with red light at sunset; safe for the children to clamber over when the tide was out, as now, but, when in, the waters swept over it, even at its height point.

"Yes, that would be bootiful," assented Mattie; so thither they went, leaving the barrow at the foot of the rock, as they mounted to wait for their return.

"Oh! I fink I can see poor Midge," cried Mattie, eagerly scanning the waters from the rock.

But Dick said, "No, she's safe enough at the bottom before now."

"I wish a good mermaid would find her, same as that one who saved people in drowning ships."

"But Midge isn't people, you know, she's only a bunch of old rags; but I suppose that's quite as good as a soulless mermaid," replied Dick.

"Soulless means nothing inside her to whisper to her tongue what to say, isn't it?" lisped Mattie.

"Yes, soulless means without a soul," he replied.

So they chatted, perched on the rock, like two sea-birds, while the afternoon sunshine deepened and glowed, and the tide began to run in, as if to catch some of its glory, ere it died.

What if it cut off the two little idlers, flowing in between the rock and the beach! What if it tossed the barrow aside and sent it drifting, as if it never would be wanted again! Dick was the first to see what it was doing, and cried—

"Mattie, I do believe the tide has come in too far for us to get to shore."

How he clutched her hand, how they fled, back along the rock, two fugitives fleeing—from what? Ah! lap-lap-lap went the water all round the island of rock, the barrow was gone, and they were caught as in a trap. No boat in sight, nothing but blue and gold above and below.

What could they do—cry? No, crying wouldn't save them. Dick held Mattie's hand very tightly. If the worst came, and the waves reached them and swept them away, he would not let her go from him. His love made him very strong and brave, but then he was only seven years old. No boat to be seen on the sea, nobody on shore, and the tide sweeping up, ay, washing over the rock, save the higher part, where the children cowered.

"Oh, Dick, 'tis same as you said," cried trembling Mattie.

"'Martha and Mary went down to the sea,
A big fish swallowed them, fiddle-de-dee!'

"Oh! Dick, what's that—is it the fish coming?"

"That" was a black something, striking out toward them through the sunlit waters, from the shore; nay, the head of the black something seemed crowned with gold.

"I do believe 'tis dear old Nep," cried Dick joyfully.

Yes, it was Nep, who, somehow, had found out they were in peril, and come to save them. Now he was on the rock by them.

"Her first," said Dick, patting Mattie with one hand, the dog with the other.

Ah! he understood, and seized her dress with his teeth, Dick telling her how to cling to the animal. Now they were in the water, now they were leaping. Now Nep licked and patted the little girl, till she sat up. Now he was beating back to Dick: he was but just in time—the water was lifting the boy from his feet; yet he had uttered no cry to hasten the faithful dog, as he carried a few brief moments to revive his wee mistress, ere he went to the rescue of his master.

Hurrah! they were safe on land at last, thanks to Nep, the greatest hero.

HARRY'S VOYAGE.

BY M. H. C.

HARRY was staying with his father and mother at the seaside. He was as happy as the day was long—digging in the sand, and making little channels for the water to come into; or watching the ships as they went by, or the sailboats that sailed away to catch fish. But what he liked best of all was to go to the pier and watch the boats start to the next seaport, and to see the people who had come to Burley, where he was staying, come on shore.

Harry thought if he could only go in one of these steamboats he should never wish for anything better, and he was always asking his mother if she would take him.

But Harry thought some day would never come.

"I have a sailor hat and a sailor pinafore," said Harry, "and I am going to be a sailor when I am bigger; so I can go by myself."

And Harry followed after a lady and some children, and went on board the steamer that was just going to start, and seated himself on the deck with the rest of the people, who were going for an excursion to Portsford.

When the steamboat stopped at Portsford all the people got out, but Harry sat still, for he said to himself—

"I shall go back to Burley; I don't know anyone here."

The captain came to him, and said—

"Little man, what are you doing here? All the people have landed."

"I am enjoying myself," said Harry. "My papa and mamma are at Burley, and I have come by myself. I shall go back when the people go."

"Does your mamma know that you have come?" asked the captain.

"Oh, no," said Harry. "I ran away all by myself."

The captain was a good-natured man, so he told one of the sailors to look after Harry till the steamboat was ready to start home to Burley.

Though the time seemed short to Harry, it did not seem short to his father and mother, who had soon missed their little boy. They looked up and down for him, and sent a bellman round to make it known that Harry was lost, and they would give a reward to anyone who would find him.

And all day they were in a state of fear about him, for he might have slipped off the pier into the water and have been drowned.

At last, when it was getting quite late in the evening, the steamboat came in to Burley, and Harry, who by this time was quite tired, and had fallen asleep, was lifted up by the sailor who had taken care of him and carried home, for the captain had found out who he was and where he lived.

How thankful the parents were to see the lost boy; and they gave the reward to the sailor.

And when Harry woke up and found himself safe at home, his mother explained to him what a naughty thing he had done, and how unhappy he had made his father and herself. And Harry was very sorry when he found what sorrow he had given, and said—

"Mother, I will not run away again."

FAMILY QUARRELS.—Avoid family quarrels. Such quarrels possess great vitality; indeed, when once healthily established, they generally last at least one generation. The difference invariably springs from one of two causes—money or marriage.

Probably few are implicated in the quarrel at first. The father and his son, then married brother, are drawn in; the sisters espouse sides, and all is in train for a fine old-fashioned dispute.

Indeed a family quarrel resembles a cyclone; it continually moves in wider circles, and involves even distant branches of the stock in the affray. Daughters-in-law and connections who would fain avoid all complicity are compelled, sooner or later, to take sides and wrangle.

Indifference and neutrality only draw down the hatred and contempt of both contending factions, just as no one suffers so much in a revolution as those who refuse to join the extreme parties.

A quarrel with a neighbor, when once patched up, does not forbid the two becoming cordial in future. But a family quarrel never again admits of intimate and trustful relations. Both sides in it have their pet skeletons and, though these may be locked up in dark closets, still, their remembrance lives and is cherished.

NOT AN AFFAIR OF THE HEART.—They stood at her door, and there seemed to be some constraint between them.

He was a trifle older than she, and she had the advantage of him in looks, too.

In his eyes there was supplication, and in hers there were disdain, scorn, rejection.

"If I might——" he began.

"Never," she interrupted. "It is totally impossible."

"But——"

"I do not wish to hear you."

"One word——"

"Not one, sir."

"Well, if you won't——"

"I want nothing you can offer me."

"But I——"

"Once for all, I tell you I want no tinware to-day."

She shut the door and went in, and the peddler went on to the next house.

COLOR ARRANGEMENTS.—It is desirable in fitting up a room for showing light colors to arrange it so that six backgrounds are available according to the requirements of the case, for example:

Light yellows, the mutual opposite is dark purple maroon.

Light red, pinks, the mutual opposite is dark green, olive.

Light blue, the mutual opposite is dark orange brown.

Light oranges, the mutual opposite is dark blue slate.

Light purples, the mutual opposite is dark yellow citrine.

Light greens, the mutual opposite is dark red russet.

ADVERSITY has often developed strength, energy, fortitude and persistence that prosperity could not have produced. The dignity of self-support and self-respect often has been gained when an external prop has been removed.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Four men in every six use tobacco.

Italy produces more wine than any country in Europe.

A Mr. Highnote sings in a church choir at Neola, Mo.

Chinese gardeners are the most expert fruit growers in the world.

No man can keep right who does not decide that he will always do right.

Married couples in Norway are privileged to ride on railways at a fare and a half.

A monster sewing-machine, weighing 3½ tons, is in use in Leeds, England. It sews cotton belting.

The management of the street railway at Washington, Pa., intends employing boy conductors.

It is stated that forty millions of Queen Victoria's subjects in India never know what it is to get enough to eat.

The Duke of Norfolk's jubilee gift to the Pope, $50,000, was the most valuable individual offering the Holy Father received.

Hair-dye is considered so detrimental to long life that a Paris insurance company refuses to insure the lives of persons who use it.

The first carpets made in Europe were manufactured in France, in 1606, in imitation of some which had been brought from Persia.

Eye-glasses with a mirror, mounted so as to reflect objects in the rear of the wearer, is said to be the invention of a citizen of this state.

The 6 year-old son of Charles Pingion, of Arbela township, Cass county, Michigan, is said to measure 4 feet 1½ inches in height and weigh 125 pounds.

In Russia the proportionate number of births is nearly double that of France, while the German population increases faster than that of any other country.

A 15-year-old resident of Crawfordsville, Indiana, who is credited with having plundered 40 stores and dwellings, has been sentenced to jail for one year.

It is said that the Indians still hold possession of 150,000,000 acres of land. Within the last three or four years they have sold 30,000,000 acres to the Government.

The caterpillar feeds with two saw-edged jaws, working transversely, and uses them to such good advantage that he eats three or four times his own weight every day.

Count Crispi, the former Premier of Italy, has placed his incorrigible son in a House of Correction at Pavia. All efforts to reform or restrain the young man had failed. He will soon be of age.

The water lily is said to be largely used in some parts of India as food. The fruit of some species that grow plentifully in the lakes of Cashmere is rich in starch, and has much the flavor of a chestnut.

The colored globes seen in the chemist's shop windows originated in the retorts and jars of various drugs, remedies and mixtures with which the old apothecaries and alchemists surrounded themselves. The Moors of Arabia and Spain were the first to introduce them.

In many countries the rainbow is spoken of as being a great bent pump or syphon tube, drawing water from the earth by mechanical means. In parts of Russia, in the Don country, and also in Moscow and its vicinity, it is known by a name which is equivalent to "the bent water pipe."

The most titled man in Europe, if not in the world, with the exception of the Emperor of Austria, is the Kaiser William. He is [illegible] duke, twice a grand duke, ten times a count, fifteen times a seigneur, three times a margrave, besides being King of Prussia and German Emperor.

The Empress of Austria smokes two or three dozen cigarettes a day, and smokes everywhere she happens to be, except at State ceremonies. The Empress of Russia smokes, but only in her boudoir. Queen Margaret of Italy also smokes frequently, but also only in the privacy of her own apartments.

The plate glass works at Kokomo, Indiana, recently made what they claim to be the largest sheet of plate glass ever manufactured in the world. It measures 12 feet 4 inches by 17 feet 10 inches. It is the intention of the company to turn out three other sheets equally as large, all of which will be exhibited at the World's Fair.

William E. Curtis has arrived at Washington with the Columbus papers loaned by the Spanish Government for exhibition at the World's Fair. The papers comprise the original documents relating to Columbus' voyages of discovery, his reports to the King and Queen, and his will. The papers are in an iron safe, and are protected by a military guard.

Mr. G. M. Pullman, the inventor of the drawing room car, has two homes, one in Chicago, the other on wheels. The latter is composed of several railway cars, designed by Mr. Pullman and built for him at an enormous expense. There is a complete suite of rooms, provided with pretty well all the luxuries which even the possessor of forty million dollars could obtain in the finest hotel.

TO SEEM AND TO BE.

BY E. T. W.

If you would be deem'd a man,
  Act a manly part;
Affectation is a ban,—
  Show you have a heart.
Wear no vain, deceitful mask,
  Artificial wrought.
What does falsehood gain, I ask;
  Be what you'd be thought.

Men of thought are ever loth
  Hollow praise to give;
Only minds of stunted growth
  On such diet live.
Empty vessels make most sound,
  Words are empty air;
Live above it, and be found
  What you would appear.

OLD-TIME GLEANINGS.

The historian Mr. Bancroft seldom saw a newspaper without drawing from it materials for his works. The story-teller often obtains from the daily and weekly press sugges'ive notes.

Charles Reade made excellent use of the romantic episodes recorded in the newspapers. His scrap-books containing clippings from the papers were numerous and valuable, and amongst his most cherished treasures. Many modern men of letters might be mentioned who are alive to the importance of preserving facts drawn from the journals of the day.

Professor James Davie Butler, LL.D., a few years ago wrote an amusing and at the same time a valuable paper on Scrap-books. He related how he had corrected, through seeing in an old Connecticut newspaper an advertisement, statements made by the leading historians of America. It was respecting the horse of General Stark, the hero in the American War who broke Burgoyne's left wing. Headley says, "Stark's horse sunk under him." Everett states, "The General's horse was killed in the action." Irving writes, "The veteran had his horse shot under him." They were led to make the statement from a postscript of a letter the General wrote saying, "I lost my horse in the action." Here is the advertisement referred to:

TWENTY DOLLARS REWARD.—Stolen from me, the subscriber, in the time of action, the 16th of August last, a Brown Mare, five years old; had a scar in her forehead. Also a doeskin seated saddle, blue housing trimmed with white, and a curbed bridle. It is earnestly requested of all Committees of Safety, and others in authority, to exert themselves to recover the said Mare, so that the thief may be brought to justice and the Mare brought to me; and the person, whoever he be, shall receive the above reward for both; and for the Mare alone, one-half that sum. How scandalous, how disgraceful and ignominious, must it appear to all friendly and generous souls to have such a sly, artful, designing villain enter into the field of action in order to pillage, pilfer, and plunder from their brethren when engaged in battle!

JOHN STARK, B. D. G.
Bennington, 11th Sept. 1777.

The foregoing may be regarded as a good proof of the value of historical facts gleaned in newspapers.

In Connecticut, in 1780, General Washington was stopped by the officer representing the State authorities for riding on the Sunday. The circumstances were reported in the columns of the Columbian Centinel for December of that year. "The President," it is stated, "on his return to New York from his late tour through Connecticut, having missed his way on Saturday, was obliged to ride a few miles on Sunday, in order to gain the town, at which he had previously proposed to attend divine service. Before he arrived, however, he was met by a Tythingman, who, commanding him to stop, demanded the occasion of his riding; and it was not until the President had informed him of every circumstance, and promised to go no farther than the town intended, that the Tythingman would permit him to proceed on his journey."

Whipping appears to have been a common means of punishing offenders who transgressed the laws. In the month of January 1761 we see it stated that four men for petty larceny were publicly whipped at the cart's tail through the streets of New York.

We gather from another newspaper report that a man named Andrew Cayto received forty-nine stripes at the public whipping-post for house-robbery—namely, for robbing one house, thirty-nine stripes; and for robbing the other, ten stripes.

It appears in some instances prisoners had, as part of their sentence, to sit on the gallows with ropes about their necks. We read: "At Ipswich, Massachusetts, June 1763, one Francis Brown for stealing a large quantity of goods, was found guilty; and it being the second conviction, he was sentenced by the Court to sit on the gallows, an hour with a rope round his neck, to be whipt thirty stripes, and pay treble damages." The man was a native of Lisbon, and described as a great thief.

"We hear from Worcester," says the Boston Chronicle, November 20, 1769, "that on the 8th instant one Lindsay stood in the pillory there one hour, after which he received thirty stripes at the public whipping-post, and was then branded on the hand; his crime was forgery." It appears that it was the custom to brand by means of hot iron the letter F on the palm of the right hand. We find at this period persons found guilty of passing counterfeit dollars were sentenced to have their ears cropped.

The Quakers were very severely dealt with. At Salem, for making disturbances in the meeting-house, etc., Josiah Southwick, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Buffum, and other Quakers, were whipped at the cart's tail through the town. After being banished, Southwick returned to Salem, and for this offence was whipped through the towns of Boxton, Roxbury, and Dedham.

In bygone times, hanging the remains of persons executed was general in England; but in America it was an uncommon practice. Mr. Brooks, however, gives particulars of a few instances. At Newport, Rhode Island, on March 12, 1715, a man named Mecum was executed for murder; and his body hung in chains on Miantomy Hill, where the bodies of some Indians executed three years previously were then hanging. A negro hanged at Newport in 1769 was gibbeted on the same hill.

Grains of Gold.

Without pains no gains.

Knowledge is no burden.

Overwork is a waste of capital.

The secret of thrift is knowledge.

Character is what we are when we think we are not watched.

A lie is always an enemy, no matter how well-meaning it may look.

If the devil had to do all his work in the daytime he would soon quit.

One of the tests of a fine nature is the effect joys and sorrows have upon it.

It is hard to make a thief believe that there is an honest man in the world.

The man who controls himself makes unwritten laws for many other people.

We are always in danger when we are more afraid of men than we are of sin.

We are not in condition to enjoy riches until we can be happy without them.

No man can name his children without telling the world something about himself.

Help others whenever you can; you would yourself be grateful for a helpful hand in a moment of need.

Conviction is in itself power. The man who is sure of what he says gives assurance to those who hear him.

Many people go through the world, hearing nothing and seeing nothing. For all valuable purposes, their ears are as deaf as an ear of corn, and their eyes as blind as the eye of a potato.

Femininities.

An ostrich feather rug is the latest luxury.

Experience is the cream of life—but it sours with age.

The emphatic part of our life is what we do, not what we say.

It is a Boston idea to write the weight of the baby on the cards announcing its birth.

The first hoopskirt was worn by a New York lady in 1740. She was arrested by the police.

Two hundred women are employed by Edison in working at the more delicate details of his electrical inventions.

Young man: "I wish your opinion, sir, as to whether your daughter would make a good wife?" Lawyer: "No, sir; she would not. Five dollars, please."

A novel and most appreciable wedding present for a bride is a couple dozen gold pins of various sizes for toilet purposes arranged in a silk-lined velvet box.

Mrs. Jane L. Fowle, of Dedham, Massachusetts, has been awarded $450, by a Boston jury, against a dentist who extracted a sound tooth, instead of a decayed one.

Queen Natalie of Servia has a finer head of hair than any other feminine royal personage in Europe. She generally wears it hanging in two long plaits down her back.

"What do you think of this prevention of pauper immigration?" "I think it is pretty hard on those members of the foreign nobility who want to come over here to marry American heiresses."

Let women paint their eyes with tints of chastity, insert into their ears the word of God, tie the yoke of Christ around their necks, and adorn their whole persons with the silk of sanctity and the damask of devotion.

Mrs. Frank Class, of Morristown, known better as Miss Jennie Smith, is the champion wing shot of New Jersey. She is 22 years old, 5 feet 2 inches, and weighs 125 pounds. She handles a gun gracefully as well as skilfully.

Japanese women put up their hair with wooden, ivory or tortoise-shell pins, seven or eight inches in length and fully half an inch wide. The pins are usually carved, and are often capped with pivoted figures that dance with every motion of the wearer.

"Can I kiss you?" he asked the Boston girl, after his proposal had been accepted. "I do not know whether you can or no," she replied critically. He hesitated a moment. "May I kiss you?" he murmured. "That's different," she responded. And he kissed her.

A band of women robbers has been discovered in Paymago, Spain. They met once a month in a cave on the outskirts of the town to plan burglaries, and here they had a full stock of burglars' tools and about $300 worth of plunder. They usually worked in men's attire.

In every room used by the Queen, even in the dining-room, there is always an inkstand for her Majesty's use in an emergency, provided with a fresh quill pen. But the Queen also uses, for continuous correspondence, as distinct from signatures, a steel pen of the ordinary pattern.

Gilded frames can be cleaned by gently wiping them with a fine cotton cloth dipped in sweet oil. In the summer, when flies are troublesome, wash the frame in water in which two or three onions have been boiled. This method will not deaden the gilding but will insure for them a good luster.

"What a beautiful child!" exclaimed Mrs. Intheswim, passing before a baby carriage which a nurse was wheeling through the Park. "What a lovely complexion! Your face is familiar to me," she added, addressing the nurse; "will you please tell me to whom the child belongs?" "Bless your heart, ma'am, she's your own, but she has grown a great deal since you saw her last."

During the recent visit of the Emperor and Empress of Austria in Switzerland they were taking some refreshments at a confectioner's in Montreux, where the Empress took such a fancy to the Scotch "shortbread" that she asked for the recipe. At first the confectioner hesitated to supply the information. But when he learned that Her Majesty was not likely to establish a rival shop he consented.

Cupid was flying irregularly between them, so to speak, as they were strolling along. He was feeling a good deal like a man going past a cemetery and was whistling. "I wish you wouldn't whistle," she said pettishly. "It is positively rude!" He looked at her a moment and stopped. Then he began to sing softly. He sang for a few minutes. "Harry!" she said, almost tenderly. His face lighted up with hope. "Please whistle!" she requested pleadingly.

The marriage of Mr. Pliny Haskell, aged 72 years, of Geneva, O., to Mrs. Mary Snyder, 68 years old, of Crawfordsville, Ind., was the outcome of a courtship which began 50 years ago. In early life they were lovers, but became estranged and both married. Recently Mrs. Snyder, who was a widow, visited her old home in Ohio, and there she met Mr. Haskell, whose wife had died. Old associations were revived, and the wedding at Crawfordsville was the result.

Masculinities.

The household skeleton never poses in the photograph of the family group.

A Chicago woman has been arrested on the charge of stealing a glass eye from a man.

During 1892 there were 1768 strikes in the State of New York, involving 25,764 persons.

Proper respect for some persons is best preserved by avoiding their neighborhood.

The man who puts in his time waiting for something to turn up generally finishes by being turned down.

A man in Hackensack, New Jersey, was recently sentenced to 60 days' imprisonment for swearing in public.

Bride: "Here is a telegram from papa." Groom: "What does he say?" Bride, reads: "Do not return and all will be forgiven."

A white man of Carrollton, Ga., has 40 children, and a colored man in the neighborhood has been married three times and has 45 children.

The Sultan of Turkey is an excellent pianist, and part of his daily routine consists in giving a couple of hours' instruction to his daughters.

The young men of a Missouri town have formed a club and spend their evenings in sawing wood for the widows and other unfortunate women.

Wife: "When we go anywhere now we have to walk. Before marriage you always called a carriage." Husband: "That's why we have to walk now."

The Empress of Russia wears everything small and neat to harmonize with her delicate personality. Pale blue, mauve and green are her favorite colors.

Forty-four guns are fired as a national salute, one for each State. The national flag is saluted with 21 guns, the President with 21, and the Vice President with 19.

A Chicago paper notes as an interesting fact not only that physicians headed the list of suicides last year, but that they have headed it every year in the last ten.

The Chinese value an old pair of boots which have been worn by an upright magistrate, and the custom of wishing a friend a "happy foot" is still observed in many European countries.

The officers of the German army are to have a new cloak, the novelty of which lies in the fact that by an ingenious device the cloak may be made thick or thin. It is adapted for winter or summer use.

Although men are accused for not knowing their own weakness, yet perhaps as few know their own strength. It is in men as in soils, where sometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of.

The days of chivalry are not gone, notwithstanding Burke's grand dirge over them; they still live in that far-off worship paid by many a youth and man to the woman of whom he never dreams that he shall touch so much as her little finger or the hem of her robe.

"It is a peculiar fact," observed a cashier of a popular restaurant, "that most of the people help themselves to half a dozen toothpicks after each meal, when each individual among them must know, if he thinks about it, that he won't more than half use one of them."

A Saratoga, N. Y., tramp has evolved a brilliant scheme to visit Chicago at the opening of the World's Fair. He was looking at a Chicago paper to find if some great crime had been committed in that city, so that he could write a confession to the Chief of Police, and thus secure a free ride on a requisition.

Thomas Broadfield was found dead in bed at his home, near Logansport, Indiana, a few days ago. He had retired in usual health the night before. A peculiar coincidence of the case is the fact that this makes the fourth sudden death in his family—his father, brother and grandfather having dropped dead while following their usual vocations.

A gentleman who wedded a young lady in her teens desires to offer a word of caution against such very early marriages. He says it is productive of an uncomfortable feeling to have your wife, no matter how amiable and lovely, going round among her schoolfellows bragging about her possession of a husband as if he were a new doll.

Roscoe Conkling used to say that the simplest way for a person to stop the habit of tobacco chewing was to keep a package of crystallized candy in his pocket, and substitute a lump of it for the "weed" whenever a desire arose for the latter. In this way Mr. Conkling said he had broken off tobacco chewing; but he had never been able to abandon smoking.

Bismarck says that when we read a medical book we fancy we have all the maladies it describes. But when we read a book on morals we at once discover that our neighbors have all the faults it points out. "In the tete-a-tete," he remarked on another occasion, "a woman speaks aloud to a man who is indifferent to her, low to the man she is near loving, and keeps silence with the man she loves."

CORNISH SUPERSTITIONS.

"So you believe that superstition has almost died out from this country?" I remarked to a medical friend who had come from London to stay with me awhile." Many of your contentions are undoubtedly correct but if you had only my experience here in Cornwall you would think differently.

"Not long ago my wife interrupted a superstitious performance in our kitchen. She entered the room unobserved, and found two of the servants with a book suspended between them, while one was reciting with considerable earnestness a passage from the Song of Solomon. But they became aware of her presence, and the proceedings were abruptly adjourned.

"We soon discovered that a rather important rite had been disturbed. One of the girls was concerned about her lover's fidelity and was consulting the oracles. She had placed a key in her Bible across the words my wife heard her repeat; she had then bound the book with her left garter, taking care to allow the ring of the key to come beyond the edges of the volume.

"At this point her fellow-servant joined her, and each placed a forefinger beneath the ring. This being done, the anxious one quoted the verses on which the key rested: 'I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys. As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters,' and was proceeding to add, 'If—— will marry me, may this Bible turn round; but, if not, may it stand still!' which words, she believed, would have been succeeded by the answer."

My friend was amused and astonished, especially when I showed him a Bible in which the passages quoted were quite effaced by pressure and rust from the keys so often used.

And so, far into the night; we talked about the quaint Cornish customs in connection with cunning Cupid, many of which are still extant.

At Hallowe'en, the girls pour melted lead through the handle of the front-door key, so, that, in the form it may assume, the future husband's trade may be detected. Eyes, alert with love, will quickly discern a ship, plough, or cart, as being, according to circumstances, most clearly represented.

Sometimes on this night another spell is tried. Three names, each written on a separate slip of paper, are placed in three balls of earth. These are put into a bowl of water, and eagerly watched until they open, for the first slip that comes to the surface has on it the name of the man the girl will marry.

Or a wedding-ring is suspended from a hair over the water in a half-filled glass. If, in reply to the questions that are asked, the ring touches the side, an affirmative answer is given; but if the ring is stationary, the answer is in the negative. Can we wonder, if, occasionally, some magnetic thrill should, unconsciously of course, determine the result?

For old Christmas Day, a wedding-ring, a sixpence, and a thimble are at times put into the cake. The cake is cut into as many portions as there are guests, and the person who secures the wedding-ring will be married before the year is gone, while the holder of the thimble will be a confirmed old maid, and the one who has the sixpence will become rich.

After the midnight supper, according to the testimony of one who has taken part, the following divinations have been practised. And it must be confessed that these are so weird as to render a strong nerve absolutely necessary.

When a large turf-fire is made—for hot embers with pure water are indispensable in what is to be done—the young people silently leave the house in single file to pull the rushes and gather the ivy leaves by means of which they are to learn whether they may expect to be married, and to whom; and if any of their friends are to die before the close of the year.

On leaving and returning, each of these Twelfth-night diviners touches the lintel in the chimney-corner, and wishes. Should either of the party break the silence before the rushes and the leaves have been procured, all will be obliged to retrace their steps, and again touch the lintel.

When they come back, those who wish to know their fate name the rushes in pairs, and place them in the hot embers; and, if any couples are too bashful to do this for themselves, their friends play their part. The way in which the rushes burn shows if the young people are to be wedded to the person chosen or not; some, perhaps, will burn well, others part, and a few go out altogether.

The couples that burn smoothly are to be married, and the one whose name the rush that burns longest bears, will outlive the other. This settled, one ivy leaf is thrown on the fire; the number of cracks it makes is the number of years before the wedding takes place. Then two are placed on the hot ashes; the cracks they give this time show how many children the two will have.

Ivy leaves, named after present or absent friends, are afterwards drawn through a wedding-ring, and put into a basin of water that is left until the morning. The persons whose leaves shrivel or turn black in the night are to die before the next Twelfth-tide, and those who are so unfortunate as to find their leaves spotted with red will die by some violent death, unless a wise man can by his skill and incantations grant protection. Through superstition, these prophecies of the evil have been known to fulfil themselves.

Love-sick maidens, just before midnight on St. John the Baptist's Day (Midsummer Day), will sometimes lay the table with a clean white cloth, knives and forks, and bread and cheese, that they may know if they are to marry the men to whom they are betrothed. The young ladies will sit down to the table, keeping strict silence—

"For, if a word had been spoken,
The spell had been broken."

As the clock strikes twelve, if the fates are favorable, the door will be opened and their lovers will walk in. Can we blame those ardent swains, who, taking advantage of this custom, duly make their appearance at the "witching-hour?"

Some will pluck a rose this midnight, and boldly wear it to church with the assured belief that in those who might pluck the flowers from them they would see their future husbands.

In another superstition of a similar kind, connected with the same season, there is unquestionably much poetic charm. A maiden will gather a rose on Midsummer Day and fold it in white paper. If she can forbear to look at it, or to mention what she has done until the following Christmas, she will then find the flower still fresh and bright.

In the morning she places it in her bosom and wears it to church, when the person most worthy of her hand will surely draw near her in the porch and beseech her to give him the rose.

Quick Decision.—There are many qualifications for the daily business of life which are to be gained only by careful study and preparation. There is however one which seems to defy such effort—i. e., the power of prompt decision. We see men and women in every department of life who appear to have well-trained minds, good judgment, self-control, perseverance, and fortitude, who think closely and reason intelligently, and who are yet sadly deficient when the time approaches in which they must choose or refuse, accept or reject, say decisively "Yes" or "No." This often seems the more unaccountable because they apparently possess every material for wise and prudent choice. They are perhaps thoroughly acquainted with the subject in hand, free from prejudice, of sound discretion, and well able to counsel others, yet, when it comes to the point of their making a decision for themselves, they hesitate and waver, and seem quite incapable of taking a single decisive step. The injurious effect of this incapacity is obvious to every one. Every sensible man and woman must recognize that there is a limit within which balancing and weighing must be restricted. When the time for active choice has arrived, their province is over, and their work for that time is fulfilled. All attempts to extend them still further will prove confusing and ultimately disastrous.

Improved Rubber Toys.—Rubber toys, on account of their durability and harmlessness, have long been a staple article, and are to-day found in the shops in much the same form as they were a dozen years ago. An improvement in this line, designed to give a new impetus to these goods, has lately been patented, and by means of which such toys, when intended to represent images of human beings and animals, can be made to illustrate the most marvellous peculiarities, without adding to the cost of production. This improvement consists in making these hollow images of varying thicknesses of rubber, so that, when squeezed by the hand, the thinner parts expand out of all proportion to the rest of the image, producing an endless variety of grotesque and ludicrous variations of the same image, according to the amount of compression given by the hand.

The Parting.—It was five o'clock p. m., and George Montgomery had been spending the afternoon with sweet Lilian Luray.

"Good-bye, darling," he said fondly, as they stood in the darkened vestibule.

"Good-bye, George," she murmured, nestling her head in the time-honored place.

"Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

"In every parting, dearest, there is the image of death," he whispered, holding her close and kissing her passionately, "and we may never meet again."

"Oh, George, darling," she said, clinging to him almost fiercely.

"Who knows, my own, what may happen between this hour and when we meet again?"

"Mizpah," she breathed, and threw her arms about him convulsively.

"Yes, darling," he spoke tremulously, "let us keep that word as our shield and armor."

"And you will come back to me; to your loving Lilian, George; the same beautiful and brave George you have always been?"

"Trust me, Lilian, my darling; trust your George."

"Oh, darling," she said, strong in the faith of woman, "I do trust you. How could I love you so if I did not?" and she kissed him fondly.

"Then I shall come again, Lilian, my own."

"But when, George? When?" she asked anxiously.

"At eight this evening, darling."

"Oh, George," she wailed, "will it be so long as that? So long, so long?"

He took her in his strong arms tenderly.

"Darling," he whispered, "make it half-past seven!"

And it came to pass as he had spoken.

How to Take Life.—Take life like a man. Take it just as though it were—as it is—an earnest, vital, essential affair. Take it just as though you personally were born to the task of performing a merry part in it—as though the world had waited for your coming. Take it as though it were a grand opportunity to do and to achieve, to carry forward great and good schemes, to help and cheer a suffering, weary, it may be heart-broken brother. The fact is, life is undervalued by a great majority of mankind. It is not made half as much of as should be the case. Where is the man or woman who accomplishes one tithe of what might be done? Who cannot look back upon opportunities lost, plans unachieved, thoughts crushed, aspirations unfulfilled, and all caused from the lack of the necessary and possible effort? If we knew better how to take and make the most of life, it would be far greater than it is.

Politeness Towards Children.—Many parents who are polite and polished in their manners toward the world at large are perfect boors inside the home-circle. What wonder if the children are the same? If a man should accidentally brush against another in the streets, an apology would be sure to follow; but whoever thinks of offering an excuse to the little people whose rights are constantly being violated by their careless elders? If a stranger offer the slightest service, he is gratefully thanked; but whoever remembers to thus reward the little tireless feet that are traveling all day long up-stairs and down on countless errands for somebody? It would be policy for parents to treat their children politely for the sake of obtaining more cheerful obedience, if for no other reason.

A Queer Trophy.—A gallant youth, who resides in Philadelphia, bethought him of a clever plan to prove to his fiancee his undying love. While spending his holidays in the mountains he killed with his own hand nineteen huge rattlesnakes. The rattles, numbering 213, were carefully plucked from the tails of the venomous reptiles, and all the snakes were bravely skinned. The skins were taken to a furrier, and a section of each was cut out and pieced into a brilliant girdle. The edges of the girdle, top and bottom, were trimmed with the rattles after the fashion of jet beads. This astonishing trophy was then presented by the gallant youth to his sweetheart.

Hydrogen.—Italian papers report a new invention which promises to play an important role in the near future. An engineer of Milan, Italy, has succeeded in discovering a process of making hydrogen on a large scale and so cheaply that in producing 1300 cubic metres a day this gas will cost only one cent per cubic metre. Considering the fact that the substance, the lightest of all known and very inflammable, admits of complete combustion, emits no smoke while burning, leaves no ashes or other injurious products, gives the most intense heat obtainable and surpasses in power the electric light, one may easily comprehend the importance of this discovery if true.

A RICH CUT!

CUT IT OUT, IT MAY SAVE YOU!

You have been suffering for years from some chronic disease or other; you have swallowed drugs enough to stock an apothecary shop; possibly also you have spent considerable sums with advertising specialists, and, having failed to notice the least change for the better in your condition, you now decide to give up all further struggle towards recovering your health, having come to the conclusion that there is no possible help for you this side the grave. Possibly you may be correct, but probably you are mistaken and on that probability I will take a sixty per cent. chance in order to cheer your now hopeless condition. Cut this ad. out and take it to your minister; possibly you may there meet some fellow sufferers on the same mission bent; let him invest ten or twenty dollars for you on the plan suggested in my open letter to the clergy; he will protect us mutually and you may be happily disappointed in recovering your health. My remedy is not a drug; it is known as

HELMER'S BI-OZONE CURE,

and among diseases cured have been cases of Epilepsy, Heart Disease, Obesity, Drunkenness, the Tobacco Habit, Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, Pneumonia, Hay Fever, Whooping Cough, Nervous Dyspepsia, Liver and Kidney Trouble, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Skin Disease, Disorders of Microbic origin, etc., many of them relieved as if by magic.

To the Clergy of America:—

Gentlemen:—It has been my good fortune to discover a true remedy. This remedy I have found to be ozone and the multiplying results of the most gratifying character sustain my affirmation by facts. It has passed the experimental stage, having been successfully applied by prominent physicians in this city and elsewhere, as well as by some of the foremost families in the land, and, believing that your personal sympathy for your congregations extends to their physical as well as to their spiritual welfare I invite your kind arbitration on behalf of Truth and Justice and in the interest of a suffering humanity, that heretofore has been imposed upon by charlatans and unprincipled quacks time and again.

MY FIRST OFFER.

I will guarantee noticeable relief or cure to at least two out of every five patients who will faithfully use a monthly treatment of $10.00 each. To compensate you in part for your trouble I will accept a draft for $45.00 negotiable in New York City and dated one month ahead. Should the relief or cure in the above proportion be not obtained at the end of the month you may stop payment of draft.

MY SECOND OFFER.

I will send five ninety-day treatments of $20.00 each for a draft for $90.00, dated ninety days ahead, warranting noticeable relief or cure to three of the five or forfeit payment of the whole.

These offers must not lead to the supposition that I slam the gate of Hope in the faces of the rest, but some cases have taken four and six months and even a year before there was any well defined noticeable change for the better that were afterward cured. This is especially applicable to elderly people suffering from chronic cases of long standing.

This offer is made exclusively to clergymen and any other orders or offers, unless accompanied by remittance of either $10.00 or $20.00, for a one or three month's home treatment respectively, will not be noticed.

Among the hundreds of testimonials received, the following from one of the responsible department chiefs in the New York Central R. R. System is to the point:

TREASURER'S OFFICE,
Union Stock Yard and Market Company.
Room 8, Grand Central Depot.
A. T. THOMAS, Treasurer.
New York, ———, 1892.

"Dear Sir:—

"I have refrained from saying anything concerning your Bi-Ozone Cure until a thorough test of its effects had been made.

"Having used it daily for three months, I think I am now in a position to speak with some authority on the subject. A case of bronchitis and bronchial asthma is not to be cured in a day or a month, and I have not expected it, but I take great pleasure in assuring you that both have so much improved that I shall continue the use of Bi-Ozone, feeling satisfied that a permanent cure is only a question of a short time longer.

"A noticeable feature in the effect of the remedy is a greatly improved condition of general health and remarkable immunity from ordinary colds.

"Bronchial and asthmatic troubles usually have attendant catarrhal conditions. I am happy to say the latter is as much improved as the former, and with the gradual removal of bronchitis the catarrh is disappearing also.

"I sincerely hope your remedy may meet with patronage from the public; it richly deserves it.

"A. T. Thomas, Grand Central Depot.
"Dec., 28, '92."

"To N. Helmer Esq., 12th St. and B'way."

N. HELMER, Chemist, 882 Broadway, Southeast Corner 12th Street, New York City.

BROOKLYN OFFICE: Dr. S. SILSBEE, N. W. cor 9th Avenue and 17th Street.

BRIDGEPORT OFFICE: Dr. H. M. DICKINSON, 129 Fairfield Avenue.

Dr. W. W. CLARK, Sole Agent for Ohio, 516 Franklin avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

IMPORTANCE OF TIME TO STUDENTS.—Bearing in mind the importance of the few years in which so much has to be acquired, so much accomplished by the student, too great stress cannot be laid on the value of proper method in disposing of time and energy. "A man may be old in hours, though young in years, if he have lost no time," writes Bacon: and it is in the adjustment of suitable periods to particular tasks and the utilization of the brief and irregular intervals between that the saving of time practically consists. It has been estimated that the mere difference between rising at six and nine o'clock in the morning for the space of forty years is nearly equivalent to the addition of fifteen years to a man's lifetime. There may be some idiosyncrasy in the matter of getting up early, but in very many cases both rising late and sitting up late at night are largely the result of indolence. And for many who have sufficient occupation in the daytime there is a great contrast between the intellectual value of the morning, when the brain is fresh, and of the evening, when it is fatigued and rather inclined for recreation than fresh effort.

THE MOON.—One reason why the moon appears larger when near the horizon, is that then we have an opportunity to compare it with terrestrial objects, but the distortion of the disc, with the enlargement of the lower part, is due to the action of refraction. The rays of light passing through the atmosphere follow a slight curve, instead of a straight line, owing to the greater refracting power of the lower denser strata, and hence the object viewed appears to be a little higher than it otherwise would, the rays of light proceeding from the lower parts of the moon's disc, as it rises above the horizon, are more affected than those from the upper portion, which pass above the densest parts of the atmosphere, and consequently the lower portion of the disc is raised to the eye more than is the upper, and a marked distortion takes place.

FINE BEDSTEADS.—A bed was made in Paris for an Indian Prince, who paid thousands of pounds for it. It was constructed partly of silver, with large female figures at each corner, each holding a delicate-looking fan. The weight of the sleeper's body sets certain machinery in motion which causes the figures to keep the fans gently in motion—an ingenious luxury in a hot climate. By touching a spring a large musical box is made to give forth soft music as a further incentive to slumber. Another bedstead, made of silver, is said to have been occupied by the German Emperor during his visit to the Sultan. It had Oriental curtains of surpassing richness, heavily embroidered with gold. What a contrast this presents the simple iron camp beds affected by Prince Bismarck, Moltke and other renowned leaders.

GOLDEN OPPORTUNITIES.—How lamentable that we should go through the world so misunderstanding one another; letting slip golden opportunities for glimpses into men's better natures, which might have knit our heart to theirs for ever in a brotherhood of love, and drawn the veil of charity over faults which, in our blindness, seemed to us without a virtue to balance them. Angels turn sorrowing away from this soul-blindness of ours, and fiends laugh over the final fall of despair which our helping hand might, at such moments, have averted. Well for us all it is that He who is Himself without sin, more merciful than man, sees gathering tears in eyes that we deem hard and dry.

STORAGE BATTERIES.—A patent was lately issued on an improvement in electric storage batteries, consisting of placing the active material in perforated lead pockets, so that it cannot become loose and fall away from the plates. This patent is a wide departure from all known forms of batteries, and the great improvements which they have made were considered of such high value that they were granted a license to manufacture for the whole United States. The company is preparing to equip a large factory.

The "stingiest man" has again made his appearance. This time he lives at Albany, Oregon, and he lately lost $10, which was found by a man who kept it for three months before he discovered its owner, to whom he promptly gave it. The owner never even thanked the man for his kindness, and wanted him to pay 10 per cent. interest for three months in which the money was in his possession. The finder naturally refused to do this, and the owner is now thinking seriously of bringing suit for the interest.

ABOVE all things be on your guard against your temper. It is an enemy that will accompany you everywhere, to the last hour of your life. If you listen to it, it will frustrate all your designs. It will make you lose the most important opportunities and will inspire you with inclinations and aversions to the prejudice of your greatest interests. Temper causes the greatest affairs to be decided by the most paltry reasons. It obscures every talent, paralyses every energy, and renders its victims unequal, weak, vile, and insupportable.

THE CAMEL IN AUSTRALIA.—The camel is said to be rapidly working his way into the good graces of the people in the interior of Australia, where the great distances, the waterless plains and the scarcity of grass make travel tedious and dangerous. A camel will carry 300 pounds in a day over a distance which would occupy an ox team ten days. He will get living where other creatures would starve, and he can go without water for a long while. The country has already five camel lines in operation, employing some 2,000 animals, and this, it is said, is but the beginning.

TRAMP—"Beg your pardon, sir, but——" Affable Party—Oh, that's all right, certainly; don't give it another thought. When you stopped me I didn't know but you wanted a quarter or something of that sort, and you only wanted to beg my pardon? Granted freely! God bless you, my man."

Garfield's Physician

Dr. D. Hayes Agnew

Was a great physician, and before he died he wrote an inquiring friend as follows: "I have been in the habit of sending patients for many years to Bedford Springs and also prescribing the water to patients in the city. I can most CONSCIENTIOUSLY CERTIFY to the value of the water medicinally. I regard Bedford Springs Water as one of the most valuable waters in this country for all functional diseases of the liver and digestive organs. It is aperient, alterative and diuretic." Thousands of others have said the same. All druggists sell it or should. ILLUSTRATED BOOK FREE.

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10th & Chestnut Sts., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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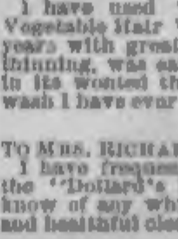

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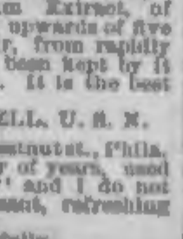

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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is caturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 23, '83. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA,
I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.
I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 8th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.
None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

TO PLAY MUSIC WITHOUT STUDY!

THIS CAN BE DONE BY MEANS OF THE

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE TO THE PIANO OR ORGAN

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it **WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS.** In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it **IMMEDIATELY**, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this **GUIDE. THE GUIDE** shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys.

It must be understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and **WITHOUT FAIL** is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book.

By giving the student the power to play **IMMEDIATELY** twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of **FIFTY CENTS.** Postage stamps, 2's, taken. For Ten Cents extra a music book containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address—

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Honorably discharged soldiers and sailors who served ninety days, or over, in the late war, are entitled, if now **partially** or wholly disabled for ordinary manual labor, whether disability was caused by service or not, and regardless of their pecuniary circumstances.

WIDOWS of such soldiers and sailors are entitled (if not remarried) whether soldier's death was due to army service or not, if now dependent upon their own labor for support. Widows **not** dependent upon their own labor are entitled if the soldier's death was due to service.

CHILDREN are entitled (if under sixteen years) in almost all cases where there was no widow, or she has since died or remarried.

PARENTS are entitled if soldier **left neither widow nor child,** provided soldier **died in service, or from effects of service,** and they are **now dependent** upon their own labor for support. It makes no difference whether soldier served or died in late war or in regular army or navy.

Soldiers of the late war, pensioned under one law, may apply for **higher rates under other laws, without losing any rights.**

Thousands of soldiers drawing from $6 to $12 per month under the **old law** are entitled to **higher rates** under **new law,** not only on account of disabilities for which now pensioned, but also for others, whether **due to service or not.**

Soldiers and sailors disabled in line of duty in **regular** army or navy **since the war** are also entitled, whether discharged for disability or not.

Survivors, and their widows, of the **Black Hawk, Creek, Cherokee** and **Seminole** or **Florida Indian Wars of 1832 to 1842, are entitled under a recent act.**

Mexican War soldiers and their widows **also entitled,** if sixty-two years of age or disabled or dependent.

Old claims completed and settlement obtained, whether pension has been granted under later laws or not.

Rejected claims reopened and settlement secured, if rejection improper or illegal.

Certificates of service and discharge obtained for soldiers and sailors of the late war who have lost their original papers.

Send for laws and information. No charge for advice. No fee unless successful. Address,

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Is the Coming Great Country, and the Pacific Coast Terminus of the Great Northern Railway is inevitably its greatest City. Finest location, best harbor, greatest resources and most substantial growth. Investments placed through us now are on a basis that insures a **PROFIT OF FROM 100 TO 300 PER CENT** in the next two years. Our Inside Water Front Property, close to the business center, at from $200 TO $250 per lot on EASY TERMS, Cannot be equalled as a SAFE AND RAPID MONEY-MAKING proposition. We also negotiate choice Mortgage Loans and Municipal Securities. We are willing to guarantee any investment placed by us for a share of the profits. Highest Eastern and Western Bank References. For Maps, Pamphlets, etc., address the

FAIRHAVEN

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Humorous.

MODES AND MANNERS.

In building up natur' he thought the Creator
Had blundered unspeakably queer:
He said the whole pattern from Neptune to Saturn
Was cut by a bungling design,
And that no particular was plumb perpendiendiar,
And exact every time to the line.
And so day and night he advised the Almighty
With advice he believed of great worth,
And his wife took in sewing to keep life ageing
While he superintended the earth.

—U. S. SONK.

A Dream.

"Well, it beats Sam Hill to see that hen a-sittin on that lump o' coal in that flower-pot. I've druv her off some eight or ten times, but she allers manages to git back ag'in.

"By gosh! Supposin she should hatch a ton o' coal!"

The best thing out—A conflagration.

Better late than never—Going to bed.

The key-note of good breeding—B natural.

"A man's deeds live after him." So do his mortgages.

"Your turn will come soon," said the impecunious young man as he inspected his cuffs.

"Here's another blow at American agriculture," said the farmer when he saw a cyclone coming.

Inquiring child: "Papa, why do people cry at weddings?" Papa, abstractedly: "Most of them have been married themselves."

"Is it really true that champagne will bleach people's hair?" "Well, rather. I've seen lots of people made light headed by champagne."

Thirsty tourist: "Isn't fifty cents rather steep for a lemonade?" Montana bartender: "Steep? Naw! Why, you went and eat the lemon!"

A New Yorker proposes to import monkeys and train them to become boot-blacks. Will the public put up with such monkey-shines?

Wife, to husband, coming in under an umbrella, dripping: "Goodness, Alfred, why did you come through all that rain?" Husband, pleasantly: "Because, love, I couldn't come over it?"

An old stager was compelled by his worthy spouse to "join the cold-water army," which he did, promising never to touch a drop of anything else except in sickness. He has never been well since.

A man out West has moved so often that when his chickens see a covered-wagon stop before the house they march into the road, fall upon their backs behind the wagon and cross their legs to be tied.

"Did you read my speech on the tariff?" asked a member of Congress. "Yes, I heard of it." "What do you think of it?" "It's as clear as mud." "Well, it covers the ground, anyhow. There is some consolation in that."

Columbus, Ky., must be a hard place. An old farmer, who has been there, says of it: "If the Angel Gabriel happens to light at Columbus there'll be no resurrection, for they'll swindle him out of his trumpet before he can make a single toot."

Judge Stuffy: "The evidence shows that while hunting with the plaintiff you made an unprovoked assault upon him." Disaport: "He insisted on shooting at things, and, feeling that my life was in danger, I promptly knocked him down."

He: "Have you heard the news? Yesterday morning Maud Moneypile jumped into her father's carriage and eloped with the coachman." She: "What has her father done about it?" "He has advertised, 'Send back the horses and all will be forgiven.'"

At a country inn. Traveler: "Here, landlord, what's the matter with your dog? I have driven him away a score of times, but he always comes back again and sits close up to my chair, watching every mouthful I eat. Do turn him out and let me have my dinner in peace." Landlord: "Please, sir, my Karo is such a knowing brute; I expect you have got the plate he generally eats out of."

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

The fashions this season remind me partly of "Now you see it, and now you don't," and partly of "M. Tonson, come again," for they change so fast that you do not get a chance to look a second time before it has changed to something else, and likely as not that something else is just like the piece grandma shows you in the old patchwork quilt, saying, "That was a piece of a dress I wore when I was your age."

Still it is rather nice to find something new every week, for generally the new things are pretty, and it is always pleasant to see pretty things. Among the prettiest of them all is the new line of spring and summer capes. They are short, very full, lined with changing silks and beruffled on the shoulders and around the necks until you feel a little tired of ruffles, however pretty they are, singly. These are made in all sorts of material, satin, velvet, bengaline, clay diagonals, kerseys, meltons, faille, cashmere, serge and velutina, both plain and corded, and all lined with the changeable silk. They are trimmed "variously," some having rich jet, others lace and ribbons, others again having the butterfly, empire or Austrian effects obtained through the different styles of ruffle.

There has been quite a display of novelties in new woolens this week, and I noticed among the most remarkable of them some bannockburns in all the new colors, even including eminence (the cardinal's purple), and some colored serges and cashmeres, with rich inwoven Turkish borders. These are double width and really beautiful. There was a fancy diagonal in all the new colors, and in each pattern the most of them were interwoven so that the goods would shade off in different lights, something, I should imagine, difficult to do with woolen threads only. There are also changeable serges, very pretty, but not durable if they chance to get damp.

NEW MOURNING GOWN AND COAT.

There are several novelties in silk and wool mixtures, which make lovely lustrous dresses, and they will wash well and wear well. There are some pearl grays where the warp is silk and the woof wool in natural color, the shade of gray light or dark, according to the amount of black wool. These are simply everlasting and will wash like calico and look as good as new as long as there is a thread. When these are all black, they make the most elegant black fabric we have, both for nice wear and for mourning, two new styles of which are here given.

There are some new designs in natural wool which are soft and light and warm, and they are very useful for children and also for nice wrappers. It is tinted rather than colored, which makes it specially dainty for babies and mourning wrappers.

There is a new hard twilled serge which has a side band woven in different colored silk. It is expected that the side band will be used to trim the skirt, and flounces with the band for the bottom part are the most suitable. Another odd stuff is called hop sacking, and it is striped, checked and plain, and still another is like burlaps, with borders in pale shades woven along the edges. This is principally intended for outing dresses but while it is a novelty many a dainty girl will habit herself in its penitential looking texture.

I had nearly forgotten that I wanted to speak of some pretty waists. One is of white china silk and navy blue velutina, with velvet ribbon of the same. Another is a waist of cardinal surah, with white flouncing draped to represent a figaro jacket.

Two hats are for warm weather—one of rough lilac straw with pinked silk ruffled all around the edge and with a wee rosette on top of the crown. The other is of black chip with beads, black ribbon and an owl's head for ornament. The shape is very odd, but it is also "the newest."

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

Lard applied at once will remove the discoloration after a bruise.

A rug under one's feet is restful when long standing is necessary, as in ironing or washing dishes.

Whites of eggs may be beaten to a stiff froth by an open window when it would be impossible in a steamy kitchen.

Cistern water that has become foul may be purified with powdered borax or alum. A quarter of a pound of each will cleanse twenty-five or more barrels.

Most vegetables are better cooked fast, excepting potatoes, beans, peas, cauliflower and others which contain starch. Cabbage should be boiled rapidly in plenty of water; so should onions, young beets and turnips.

All vegetables are better to be seasoned when they are ready for the table. Never let them stand after coming off the fire. Put them instantly into a colander, over a pot of boiling water, if you have to keep them back for dinner.

You can prevent your pretty new ginghams from fading if you let them lie for several hours in water in which have been dissolved a goodly quantity of salt. Put the dress in it while it is hot, and after several hours wring it out dry and wash as usual.

Sherbet.—A quarter of a pound of white sugar (very fine), half an ounce of carbonate of soda, three-quarters of an ounce of tartaric acid; mix well and keep in a dry bottle; put one teaspoonful in a tumbler, add a drop of lemon essence, and fill up with cold water.

When a warm bath is taken, if the whole body from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet is instantly sponged with cold water there will not be danger of taking cold. The cold water closes the pores naturally. They are left open unnaturally after a warm bath.

Lemon Syrup.—Three breakfast cups of water, two lemons, three pounds of white sugar, one ounce of citric acid, and one teaspoonful of burnt sugar. Pare the rind of the lemons thinly, and put it and the water in an enamelled pan, then add the juice and boil half an hour, strain through muslin, and put it back in the pan with the sugars and the acid, and boil for five minutes. When cool, bottle.

Welsh Rarebit.—Quarter-pound of cheese, one teaspoonful of butter, half-teaspoonful of mustard, quarter-teaspoonful of salt, a little pepper, one tablespoonful of milk. Cut the cheese down, or if hard, grate it, and put everything in a small pan, and stir over the fire till it melts. Pour it out on two or three slices of buttered toast, and eat hot.

Frosted Pudding.—One pint of milk, add when hot tablespoonful of cornflour dissolved in a little of the cold milk, the yolks of two eggs beaten with a scant half-cup of sugar, just a pinch of salt, and cook in a double kettle to a thick custard. Turn out into a handsome pudding dish, and heap over the top a frosting made of the pulp of six baked apples beaten lightly into the whisked whites of two eggs and two tablespoonfuls of sugar, until the whole is a white foamy mass.

Chicken Salad.—To one boiled chicken cut into dice add double the quantity of celery cut into pieces half an inch thick, and four hard-boiled eggs cut into small pieces. Add half of the dressing to this, and put it into the ice chest till serving time, when it may be put into a salad-bowl and the remainder of the dressing poured over it. For the dressing use five eggs; while thoroughly beating them add half pint of oil, drop by drop, two tablespoonfuls of mixed mustard, a teaspoonful of salt and a generous pinch of cayenne; set the dish in boiling water, stirring constantly till it thickens and set it away to cool. Just before using reduce it with vinegar (about a pint) or lemon juice, or both.

Castor Oil Administration.—The quantity of oil prescribed is poured into a small pipkin over a moderate fire, an egg broken into it, and stirred up so as to form something like what cooks call buttered eggs; when it is done, a little salt or supper, or a few drops of orange water, or some currant jelly should be added. The sick child will eat it eagerly and never discover what it is.

Reading Railroad.

Anthracite Coal Used Exclusively, Insuring Cleanliness and Comfort.

In Effect March 26, 1893.

FOR NEW YORK.

ROYAL BLUE LINE.

Leave Twenty-fourth and Chestnut Sts.

3.55, 5.20, 9.20, 11.15 a m, 12.57 (dining car), 3.30, 6.20, 8.15 (dining car), p m. Sundays, 3.55, 9.40, 11.15 a m, 12.57 (dining car), 4.30, 6.20, 8.15 (dining car) p m.

LEAVE MARKET STREET STATION.

7.30 (Pioneer two-hour fast line), 8.30, 9.30 a m, 1.30, 4.00, 5.15 p m, 12.01 night. Sundays, 8.00, 10.00 a m, and 3.15 p m, 12.01 night. Additional train from Ninth and Green, week-days, 3.45 p m. And for Trenton, week-days, in addition to above, leave Ninth and Green Streets, 2.20, 3.15, 3.45, 4.25, 11.15 p m. Sundays, 9.15 a m, 4.30, 10.15 p m. Bound Brook, week-days, 4.31 p m.

Close connections for New York are made at Wayne Junction with trains from Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets by local trains leaving Market street at 11.02 a m, 12.37, 3.07, 6.07, 7.59 p m. Sundays, 10.47 a m, 12.42, 3.12, 4.07, 7.37 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.00, 7.45, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.15, 3.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

For Schuylkill Valley Points.

4.10 a m for Reading, Bern, Harrisburg Pottsville, Allentown, Shamokin and Williamsport.

7.40 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley and Perkiomen Roads.

8.35 a m Express for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Carlisle, Gettysburg, Shippensburg and Williamsport.

10 a m for Reading, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Lancaster, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Williamsport.

12.45 p m for Pottstown, Barto and Reading.

1.40 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley, Colebrookdale and Perkiomen Roads.

4 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.

5.30 p m for Reading and Pottsville.

6 p m for Harrisburg, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Milton.

7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.

11.30 p m. Daily Sleeping car line for Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport. Connects for Lock Haven and Clearfield, except train leaving Philadelphia Saturday night.

SUNDAYS—4 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Shamokin, Harrisburg.

8.30 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Allentown.

8.35 a m for Reading and Downingtown.

9.05 a m. Express for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.

5.30 p m for Reading, Pottsville and Chester Valley Railroad.

7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.

11.30 p m. Sleeping Car Line for Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport and Beech Creek Railroad.

LEAVE NINTH AND GREEN STS.

FOR BOSTON, via Poughkeepsie Bridge. New England Night Express (Pullman Buffet Sleeping Car) leaves Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets at 6.30 p m, and Ninth and Green streets at 6.45 p m every day.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER, NIAGARA FALLS and CHICAGO, 9.00 a m, 8.35 and 9.30 p m daily. The 9.00 a m train has parlor cars to Buffalo, and the 9.30 p m train sleeping cars to Buffalo Niagara Falls and Toronto.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 8.10, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 12.00 noon, 2.05, 3.55, 4.30, 5.30, 6.45, 8.25, 9.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 10.30 p m. Sundays, 4.30, 8.00, 9.30 a m, 6.45 and 8.25, 9.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 9.30 p m.

For Schuylkill Valley Points.

8.10 a m for Reading and way points.

11.02 a m for Pottstown and Barto.

1.35 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Branch Roads.

4.35 p m for Reading and Branch Roads.

Sundays—11.45 a m for Pottstown and Barto.

8.40 p m—for Pottsville, Harrisburg, Byers, Barto and Allentown.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves, Week-days—Express 9.00 a m, 2.00, 3.30, 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 3.45 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Returning, leave Atlantic City, week-days—Express, 7.00, 7.45, 9.00 a m, 3.30, 4.30 p m. Accommodation, 8.15 a m, 4.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00 and 8.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 4.30 p m.

Parlor cars on all express trains.

Reliance week days, 8.00 am, 5.00 pm. Returning, 7.25 a m, 3.25 p m.

Williamstown, Glassboro and Mullica Hill, 8.30, 11.00 a m, 4.30, 5.45 p m. Sundays, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m. Clementon, 8.00 8.00 8.30, 11.00 a m, 3.00, 4.30, 5.45, 6.30, 7.30, 11.30 p m. Sundays, 8 a m, 2.30, 4.30 p m. Blackwood and Gremloch, 8.30, 9.15, 11.30 a m, 2.30, 4.45, 5.30 p m, and 11.30 p m on Thursdays and Saturdays only. Sundays, 6.30, 8.00 a m, 4.45, 5.30 p m.

FOR LAKEWOOD.

3.45 p m, week-days only. Fast Express, without change; Parlor Car. Way trains (change cars at Winslow Junction), week-days only, 8.00 a m, 4.00 p m.

For Vineland, Bridgeton, points on Maurice River Railroad, 8.00 a m and 4.30 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, northeast corner Broad and Chestnut, 832 Chestnut street, 600 South Third street, and 1840 South Fortieth street, West Philadelphia, and at the depots.

Reading Railroad Transfer and Cab Service, Passengers and baggage promptly conveyed.

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